

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Containing

THE SCANDAL of the LAW

NORMAN
PRICE



Read of the antics of two
sailormen on shore leave

SHORTY and PATRICK

By Stephen French Whitman

SHORTY and PATRICK, U. S. S. Oklahoma, is the latest book by Stephen French Whitman, the author of Predestined and other well known stories. It contains in all six short stories; but not short stories in the sense that they are unrelated and disconnected—for Shorty and Patrick are in all of them. The settings are in Coney Island and Hong Kong and pretty nearly every place between where Shorty and Patrick can find excitement and experiences to make you laugh.

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P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 W. 13th St., New York City

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 50

I HAVE said that most dealers prefer to carry in stock only those goods that are above suspicion.

Sometimes public demand for a cleverly advertised fake will force a dealer to put in a stock against his better judgment.

Sometimes price inducements are made by manufacturers to retailers, to push the sale of an article that is inferior to well-known brands, and even harmful.

But such dealers cannot last, nor will goods without merit sell a second time.

The readers of the better sort of magazines have learned, and are still learning, that the advertising columns of those magazines can safely be accepted as a shopping guide of the best and purest and fairest the market affords

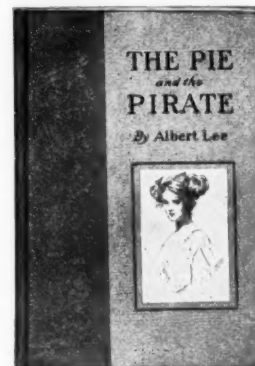
—because the readers know the rigid censorship maintained by such publishers, and their constant care to admit no advertisement of a doubtful nature.

Collier's is especially particular in this respect.

T. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

THE PIRATE and the PIRATE

By ALBERT LEE



IT is a merry tale, cleverly illustrated, and beautifully printed on antique deckle-edge paper. Don't forget to ask for it to-day at the book stores, 50 cents; or mailed direct for 55 cents.

P. F. COLLIER & SON
PUBLISHERS
416 W. 13th St., New York City

If you are a lover of books

and if you want to read one of the most delightful little volumes about books and their makers that you ever opened, get out your shears and clip off the coupon at the foot of this page. It will bring to you, absolutely free of charge and without reservation of any sort, a sixty-four-page volume which you will find to be as valuable a work as you have ever thumbed through. It is a booklet which we have had prepared at considerable expense in order to make possible an adequate description of The Harvard Classics,

The Eliot Five-Foot Shelf of Books



But it has turned out to be such a useful work in itself that we want every lover of books among Collier's readers to have a copy of it.

It is not a mere catalogue of titles and authors, but is a chatty, readable summary, such as a might give after lecturing why certain authors were chosen for discussion of those works. It is a book suggestion and useful guide and summary that no book lover neglect.

If you care at all want you to send f

even if you have no intention of interesting yourself in the Five-Foot Shelf. But that is something in which every book lover is naturally interested—something he would be only too glad to have outlined and really explained to him.

Every mail brings us inquiries about these booklets, from all over the world. Our policy is to answer each and every request at once, in the order received. As long as this edition lasts we shall be able to mail the books promptly, but when it gives out there will necessarily be a wait of two or three weeks before we can have the next edition ready for mailing. We would

suggest therefore that you send in your request promptly.

The booklet is sent without charge or reservation of any sort. The coupon is printed entirely for your convenience and imposes not the slightest obligation. It merely allows us to send you, with our compliments, the booklet as it is described. And it gives us an opportunity to tell you at our leisure—and yours—just what the Five-Foot Shelf really is. But for your own sake we suggest that you act quickly—if you can't find your shears, tear the coupon off now, as you sit here reading, and mail it to-day.

P. F.
COLLIER & SON
416 West 13th Street
New York City

Please send me by mail, free of charge, the 64-page booklet describing The Harvard Classics, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Name.....

Address.....

—If you are looking for an opportunity

to earn money at home, or if you are looking for a position as an agent or a salesman, or if you are in need of a man to fill a responsible position—read Collier's Classified Columns.

If you want to go one step farther and practically make sure of finding what you want

—advertise your desires in Collier's Classified Columns.

The classified advertisements in Collier's are the cream of the best "want ads" in the whole United States.

It is a pretty safe assumption that a man doesn't advertise his wants in a national magazine unless those wants are well worth advertising.

There is another thing, too.

The papers of any city or town cover one comparatively small locality, and only one. They may introduce you to the man or the opportunity you are seeking, and again they may not. You may live in New York or Chicago or San Francisco—while the man or the opening you want may be in Butte or New Orleans.

Collier's Classified Columns correspond to the "want" columns of the daily newspaper, but their field is infinitely broader and more effective, both on account of the extent of Collier's circulation and because of the fact that the advertisements make not a general appeal every day, but a concentrated appeal once every two weeks.

Collier's Classified Columns appear only in the first and third issue of each month.

They have a national circulation among readers who have positions to give and brains to offer.

Collier's carries more "agents wanted" and "high-grade salesmen" advertising than any other publication with a Classified department.

If you want anybody or anything worth wanting write to

Collier's Classified Columns

416 West 13th Street, New York City

Collier's

Saturday, December 23, 1911

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VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 14

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green St., Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1911 by P. F. Collier & Son. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British possessions, including Canada. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Ask the man who owns one



The Limousine

And every one of them is afraid of a mouse.

Every afternoon and evening each one of them steps into a cage of wild animals whose great paws might crush out her life with a single stroke. For an hour she orders them about like children, jumps them through hoops, and sets them on chairs while she waves burning torches before their eyes. But in her own dressing room if a tiny mouse runs across the carpet this "iron woman" shrinks in dismay—and possibly faints.

It is one of the many curious things about the women who work with wild animals.

Why in the world do they become wild animal trainers?

Do they marry and have children?

What salaries are they paid?

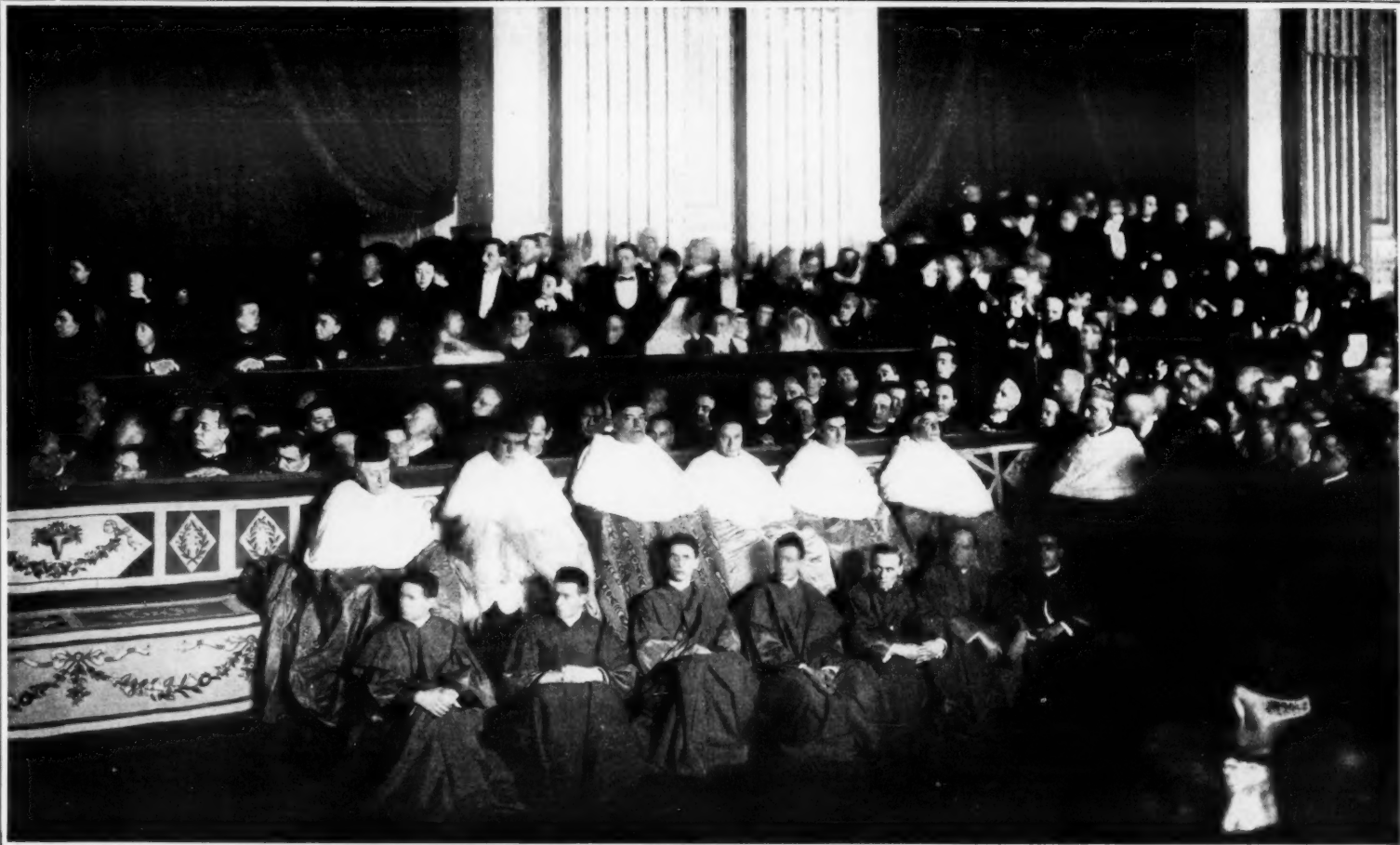
What happens when the single moment of indecision comes—when the animals know that their trainer is afraid?

All these questions Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S., answers in her article on the women who train wild animals. It is intensely interesting. You'll find it—and some other things worth reading—in

The Housekeeper

FOR JANUARY

COLLIER & NAST, Inc., Publishers
443 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.



The Public Consistory

The new Cardinals, who received the red birettas the day before, are shown awaiting the coming of the Pope in his golden chair to confer upon them the broad-brimmed red hats—the final rite. Cardinal O'Connell is the third from the left, and Cardinal Farley second from the right. Cardinal Falconio is not visible. The Consistory was held November 30



The Three American Cardinals

Cardinal Diomedes Falconio, Italian born, but an American citizen and Apostolic Delegate to the United States since 1902, is in the center. Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, venerable and beloved, is at the left, and the militant Prince of the Church, Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, is at the right. The three are wearing their cardinal's robes



Vol. x

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Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

Vol. *xlvi*, No. 14

NEW YORK

December 23, 1911

Efficiency and Size

COMBINATION up to a point means economy and efficiency. Beyond that point it means less efficiency. Mr. EMERSON says:

It is notorious that great aggregations of wealth and power do not operate as efficiently as small concerns. . . . The great industrial and transportation companies are often very efficient in manipulation, but content with low efficiency of operation.

He cites the shipbuilding yards for inefficiency, and adds:

It is the little American plant manufacturing automobiles, motor boats, or bicycles, making locomotive repair parts, or some other specialty that defies the competition of the world.

And the well-known engineer, H. L. GANTT, in his "Work, Wages and Profits," says:

If manufacturers in general realized how much an increase in efficient operation really meant to them, they would be very slow to increase the size of a plant until they had become pretty well convinced that they had gotten it up to its maximum efficiency. . . . If the same intelligence and industry had been applied generally to the art of production as has been exercised in selling products, I can hardly help feeling that we should be suffering less acutely to-day from high prices.

Greater size, then, adds only one kind of power—the power to crush. If certain oppressive measures can be prevented, the question of size will take care of itself. Even with no Sherman Act—with the accepted principles of the common law—monopoly without dishonesty could never have been achieved. Hence, as long as we have prisons for the poor, the importance of sending to jail rich men who commit these specific acts of injustice and oppression. They are as simply and morally wrong as the theft of a chicken or an assault in the dark, and if they had always been discovered and the full legal penalty inflicted, there would be no monopoly, in the modern sense of that word—no concern with the power to fix prices—nor would there be the political and social dangers which come from too concentrated money power. Several times have we advised our readers to read carefully the La Follette Antitrust Bill, which leaves the Sherman Law and the Supreme Court's rule of reason untouched, but defines what acts are unlawful. Now that the President agrees to the principle, it ought easily to become law.

Why Are Prices High?

THIS NATION is not improbably within a year of the consideration of drastic wage reductions—the incident which comes just before the end of that series of successive economic phenomena which constitutes an industrial depression. Before that time comes, while manufacturers are studying their cost sheets to determine what makes the prices of all commodities so high that there is a halt in the country's ability to buy, it is worth while to inquire whether the excessive tribute exacted from business by certain forms of inflated capital has not at least as much to do with it as the high wages of labor.

One phase of the tendency, universal during the past ten years, to organize every form of industry into large units, has escaped public attention—the fact that the lighting and heating business in practically all the medium-sized cities of the United States has passed into the hands of syndicates, owned and directed in the financial center of New York. To consider one example which is typical, the American Light and Traction Company owns the gas plants of these cities (to the names of most of the cities we append the price per thousand charged for gas):

Detroit, Mich., 50 cents to 80 cents.	Muskegon, Mich.
Grand Rapids, Mich., 50 cents net.	Binghamton, N. Y., \$1.25.
Madison, Wis., \$1 to \$1.25.	San Antonio, Texas.
St. Joseph, Mo., 30 cents (natural gas).	Long Branch, N. J., \$1.35.
St. Paul, Minn., \$1.	St. Croix, Wis.
Milwaukee, Wis., 60 cents to 80 cents.	

Each of these local gas plants is bonded for a sum which probably approximates its value; on top of this capitalization the American Light and Traction Company has placed a stock issue of, roughly, \$15,000,000 preferred and \$10,000,000 common. On the preferred stock, six per cent dividends are paid; on the common, cash and stock dividends are paid which aggregate about twenty per cent. While the terms of issue of this common stock are hidden in a maze of intricate finance, that it represents only water is fair to infer (its price now is about \$300 per share). This is but one of many similar syndicates, and we wish merely to point out the heavy tax on the factories and homes of the various towns caused by this excessive capitalization and the dividends paid upon it.

Discrimination against Roosters

IN ANSWER to an objection that one of the police regulations of the District of Columbia, prohibiting the keeping of roosters without the written consent of a majority of the householders on the block, was void because it delegated the power of the Commissioners to the people of the block, the court in *Pitchlynn vs. District of Columbia*, 36 App. D. C., 186, said:

The requirement with reference to the keeping of roosters within the fire limits is not a delegation of power. It merely puts vain and noisy roosters upon their good behavior.

Probably the prohibition is unconstitutional as class legislation. Why should the "vain and noisy roosters" of the barnyard be put upon good behavior, while no limitations are placed upon the Congressional breed? Chanticleer at his worst deprives only a few of his immediate neighbors of matutinal winks, while the crowing of the featherless bipeds at the Capitol not infrequently gives insomnia to a mighty nation.

True, True—But

UNMISTAKABLY the American public wishes to get to the bottom of any dynamite conspiracy that exists. It does not wish vengeance, but it thinks punishment is still necessary in our world, and, above all, it wishes light. It must know. Thugs must not rule labor. True, true, but how sad it is that conspicuous among the spokesmen of justice—leaders of the manufacturers—should be a KIRBY and a PARRY! It is not only labor that should clean house. Nevertheless, in the present instance, those who have most to gain by seeing that all the facts are known are the labor unions. Unionism has made enormous gains for itself and for humanity, and it had made these gains only because the general public sympathized and believed in its cause. There is danger that the large amount of useful work that is being done in silence all the time by a multitude of unions should be forgotten in the unfortunate and impatient activities of the leaders of a few unions. The degree of punishment that ought to be inflicted on men who have been willing to create widows and orphans, or to bribe jurors, in order to promote their cause, is a subject on which we frankly do not feel competent to form a decided opinion. The one thing that we are convinced of is that this great nation must know what is going on. It must know every available fact about the methods of the men who have misrepresented labor, exactly as it is endeavoring to learn the facts about the misuse of capital. Our hope is that as long as this subject is being dealt with the leaders in the reform will be the unions themselves, and we hope with equal sincerity that the views of capital will be expressed by men of different quality from the PARRYS, KIRBYS, OTISES, and POSTS.

Nothing will be gained by more talk about "kidnaping." Technically, the law is in doubt. It ought to be made clear by statute that a State does not lose her right of arrest and trial for a crime within her boundaries because a criminal chooses to travel to some place he may find more salubrious. This is one country, and the present doubt about the criminal advantages of crossing State lines is preposterous. Our criminal law and procedure are most considerate, but such a courtesy to the criminal would be going far, even for the United States.

Nor will attacks on BURNS help the cause of labor. He has done his duty when his victims were the wealthy and the politically strong, and with equal integrity and ability he does it when a dynamiter happens to be a misrepresentative of union labor.

Lame Ducks

CHARITY is one of the most salient virtues of the Administration. The Federal lame-duck pond contains every species. In the most interesting trial of the day, Mr. WICKERSHAM has selected the good OSCAR LAWLER to represent the Government at Los Angeles. LAWLER, O forgetful public, is the author of the "Lawler memorandum," conspicuous in the Ballinger case. He it is who told an idiotic lie about C. P. CONNOLLY on the stand, and was compelled to apologize. The crumbling of the Ballinger defense meant the departure of LAWLER. During the Ballinger case he asserted with loud gestures to Mr. GEORGE PEPPER, counsel for Mr. PINCHOT, that he felt like visiting physical punishment on some of those engaged. "If you mean me," said Mr. PEPPER, "I am ready now." Mr. LAWLER, perhaps, wasn't to blame for being born a "bluff." It is sweet of Mr. WICKERSHAM to take care of him in so significant a case.

How McNamaras Are Made

TENNESSEE HAS three parties. For the purposes of this brief political history, let us take them in turn: The Regular Democrats convened in Nashville, June 16, 1910, adopted this plank, vague in language but in meaning plain:

We favor legislation by the State similar to the . . . Employers' Liability Act . . . passed by Congress. . . .

Next came the Independent Democrats; their plank read:

We favor such a modification by statute of the fellow-servants rule . . . as the exigencies of modern business methods require.

The Republican platform was more argumentative and discursive. The intelligent historian who wrote it said that the old fellow-servants rule was right enough in the centuries of simple labor, when servants worked side by side; that the size and complexity of modern industry have rendered it unjust; and so:

. . . We therefore recommend such a modification . . . as will meet the changed condition under which the laborer toils.

Thus, when the sovereign Legislature of Tennessee came together, every political party that composed it was solemnly pledged to legislation which would lift from labor a law as obsolete as human slavery and hardly less barbarous. To clinch the situation, the new Governor, BEN. W. HOOPER, put into the first message he sent this language:

For more than twenty years . . . the enactment of this legislation has been promised by candidates and political parties, but from some unexplainable cause the bill has always been quietly pigeonholed or asphyxiated at the psychological moment.

The bill was introduced, it was recommended for passage, it came to a roll call; it failed by a vote of 60 to 37. All the facts that are essential can be expressed in these sentences from the spirited message which the Governor sent in a final effort to save the bill:

When the powerful moneyed interests of this country become interested in legislation, their legal . . . representatives appear in the legislative halls and bring to bear every influence that can be conceived by the keenest intellects of modern times. . . . I do not mean to inject here a word of bitterness when I say that it is currently reported that one railroad has issued here more than eleven thousand five hundred passes during this legislative session.

For labor, its McNAMARAS; for capital, its "legal representatives." For capital, the railroad pass; for labor, dynamite.

Action and Reaction

ONE OF THE MOST SOUL-STIRRING campaigns witnessed in a long, long time was the one ending in the defeat of the Socialists in Los Angeles. Ministers and bishops enlisted in behalf of the Good Government forces. Former ministers, on the other hand, addressed large audiences for Socialism. One cited the case of a prominent merchant in Los Angeles who was charged with paying his army of girl help on an average of between three and four dollars a week, while he owned a \$5,000 dog. It was charged by the Socialists that the common expressmen and hucksters of the city paid in taxes \$22,000, while the street-car corporation, controlled by the Southern Pacific, paid only \$17,000; that the total amount of commercial tax paid by "Big Business"—that is, banking, telephone, street cars, and lighting system—was \$26,000, while the dog licenses amounted to \$27,000. The city was placarded with posters picturing the red ensign of the Socialists and the red, white, and blue of the Union, and under these the interrogatory: "Under which Flag?" "This is our flag," shouted one speaker, waving the Stars and Stripes, at a Good Government meeting. "That's everybody's flag," called out a man in the gallery; "I was wounded fighting under it, but I'm going to vote for HARRIMAN." One business man, with blanched face and in excited manner, told his audience that if HARRIMAN was elected men and women who "had mortgages on their little homes would be turned into the streets," and that an earthquake would be a blessing compared to a Socialist victory. Had the final election occurred ten days after the primary victory, or had the situation not been complicated by the McNAMARA brothers, the Socialists would probably have carried the poll. Some of the Good Government speakers quoted DEBS's words in the "Appeal to Reason," that the only way to free the McNAMARAS was to get possession of the State Government and the courts of California, and that the way to begin was to elect the Socialist ticket in Los Angeles. Californians just now are sensitive about the control of their courts, and these words of DEBS had some deterrent influence on the more sober-minded sympathizers with the Socialist cause. Four or five years ago incensed patriotism almost broke into riot when the Socialists of Goldfield, Nevada, paraded the streets under their banner. Yet as the same red flag solitarily waved over the heads of marching thousands in this populous "City of the Angels," there was no demonstration of disapproval—nothing but the fear of its possible triumph. Out of six daily papers in Los Angeles, five were for HARRIMAN. Toward the latter part of the campaign, but before the McNAMARAS pleaded guilty, there was intimidation of voters. Employers passed out the word that in case of HARRIMAN's election, no further credit could be secured at the banks, and that in case of a Socialist victory, retrenchment in the employers' plants would necessarily be the order.

Apparently the Socialists have brought about a retrogression in Los Angeles politics. Three years ago the Good Government forces, with

GEORGE ALEXANDER at their head, completely routed the old Southern Pacific machine. The threat of Socialism reunited these opposing forces. The old Southern Pacific machine has again secured part control of the machinery. They, in the campaign, dispensed the sinews of war, and were in the ascendancy in counsel and action, although the candidates on their ticket were all Good Government men. The possession of the machinery will probably rehabilitate the old local machine.

Considerable Influence

EX-GOVERNOR JOE BROWN of Georgia only weighs a hundred pounds, but he is powerful. By his deeds shall you know him. The Atlanta "Constitution" says "his voice was clear and firm, and reached to every part of the theatre." Said he:

When I was chosen in the primary in 1908 the price of turpentine, one of South Georgia's chief products, was 37 cents per gallon, and in June, 1911, it was \$1.07 per gallon.

It is also pleasing to note that the two winters covered by my administration were the only ones during the past forty years within which the price of cotton in Georgia did not go below 10 cents per pound.

Not everybody can do that.

A Chance to Build

A RECORD-BREAKING STRUCTURE was the railway station at White River Junction. Now that it is burned, Vermont will never again be quite the same. White River Junction is known to the outside world as the point from which election telegrams are dated. But the Junction is unforgettable to those who have traveled "through" by train. "Through" is a joke, for no train was ever known to pass through; it pauses, stops, ponders, chews its cud, takes a nap, and finally meanders on. The station building was bounded by a triangular girdle of tracks. While the famished traveler left his car to snatch a glass of milk, all the trains would change places swiftly, so that the traveler bolting from his lunch stool would take a train to Bellows Falls when he wanted to go to Wells River. A minister of Ware, Massachusetts, on being asked the duration of his pastorate, replied: "Twelve years—five in Ware and seven in the Palmer Station." Even Palmer must play second fiddle to White River Junction. The old station has now passed. The new one? Ask the Boston and Maine.

Slang

FREQUENT IS THE INQUIRY: "When does slang cease to be slang?" "Every schoolboy" knows that "the herring-pond" means the sea. Most people would term it an Americanism, signifying the Atlantic. A dictionary duly admits the hyphenated word, describes it as slang, and illustrates it with "to be sent across the herring-pond: to be transported." Yet the word was used as long ago as 1763, when an English Ambassador wrote from Calais to a Secretary of State that he had "traversed the herring-pond after about ten hours' sail." After one hundred and forty-seven years the word is still slang, however, and may not cease to be until the terser substantives "sea" and "ocean" cease to convey their meaning. An illustration of the persistence of slang in remaining slang even when it is thoroughly in the language may be found in THACKERAY'S "English Humorists," where he says: "When a lout entered the coffee-house the wags proceeded to what they called 'roasting him.'" Probably most persons would say offhand that "roast" was a decidedly contemporary bit of slang.

Mr. Peabody's Sermons

IN THE LAST VOLUME of his sermons, called "Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel," FRANCIS G. PEABODY says: "When the historian of the future narrates the events of the present generation it is not improbable that this conservation of the nation's wealth may seem the achievement most worth recording. Thousands of millions of dollars are being saved from total loss to enrich hundreds of millions of citizens as yet unborn." The volume throughout, like Professor PEABODY's other work, is infused with general ethical principles which are constantly applied aptly to affairs of the time. SYDNEY SMITH once said that "what was needed among the uncertainties of this world was short views." Mr. PEABODY realizes the purpose that SYDNEY SMITH had in mind, of treating things which are actually within the range of vision, but he realizes equally the inspiring and guiding value of longer views. As Mr. PEABODY says, true wisdom draws the line between subjects where it is unreasonable to be positive and subjects where neutrality is impossible. PILATE is very interestingly described from this point of view. Endeavoring to avoid taking sides, he was forced to stand in the memory of time as an opponent of the truth. To show the broad sympathy of Mr. PEABODY's work we are glad to quote what he says about temperance, a subject, of course, in which his sympathies are entirely with a decrease in the liquor traffic. "Temperance agitation has no right to take away from the poor the warmth and comfort of their great temptation, unless it proceeds at the same time to fill that vacuum with the warmth and comfort to be found in better places of resort. Prison discipline is engaged in a fruitless task unless it restore the prisoner to society with his mind in some degree preoccupied by purposes which exclude the ways of crime." This whole idea is summed up in the single sentence, "No man has any right to create a vacuum of the heart."

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PRESIDENT TAFT

"If we are asked in what respect we have fallen farthest from our ideal conditions in our whole government, I think we would be justified in answering, in spite of the glaring defects of our municipal government, that it is our failure to secure expedition and thoroughness in the enforcement of public and private rights in our courts."

GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON

"The legal profession, as a profession, does not enjoy the confidence of the people. I am surprised, and I must say disappointed, that the legal profession of this country has not undergone the same change and liberalizing that has characterized its progress in other countries. The community no longer regards you as legal guides. You have withdrawn from statesmanship and lowered the profession to a strictly business basis. The ambush of technicalities you have drawn around the corporations makes it necessary to enact drastic legislation to tear away the shell and get at the heart. If you want to restore your profession to the confidence of the people you can do it in a single year by following method and simplicity. The change can be wrought, but if it is wrought without your support and assistance, it will be wrought to your discredit."

FREDERICK W. LEHMANN

"It is a duty which we owe to ourselves and to our country to bring the law of mankind into harmony with its good sense and its best conscience. I submit that you will deal a severe blow to the utility of this Association if you go upon record as continuing in the substance of the common law the casuistries and frailties imposed upon it in the dark days of the past."

WHAT every man asks of the law, and has a right to ask, is chiefly reducible to these two things:

1. Can he go to a lawyer, in the average of cases, and obtain an honest opinion, upon which he may rely, as to what is the law?
2. Can he go to the courts and, without undue delay and without ruinous cost, obtain justice?

I believe that no one who with open mind will review the decisions of our multitude of courts, who will follow a sufficient number of trials to their issue, can answer these two questions otherwise than with a flat NO. This is, in a civilized State, a frightful indictment of a profession that has been held in high honor. It is not mine. It is in effect the indictment made by the ablest members of our bar, by the foremost judges of our courts, and by some of our most distinguished statesmen, including our present President, themselves lawyers all, and in some instances former judges.

To simplify the issue, I will set out a number of simple questions, with the answers drawn from the records. We will consider first:

PROBLEM NO. 1—Do the Lawyers Know the Law? ANSWER—They do not. Here are a few instances:

The New York Court of Appeals refused to permit the introduction of certain new evidence in a case and affirmed the decision of the lower court. The appellants appealed to the United States Supreme Court and presented to that body a petition signed by twenty-four of the leading lawyers of the New York bar. Merely to mention a few of the better known, the list contained the names of Frederic R. Coudert, Lewis Cass Ledyard, William Allen Butler, William D. Guthrie, Treadwell Cleveland, and Everett P. Wheeler. This petition was in effect an opinion that the Supreme Court had the power to mandamus the New York Court of Appeals to compel it to admit the new evidence. In a curt decision of scarcely ten lines, Chief Justice Fuller, speaking for a unanimous court, denied that the Supreme Court had any such power. (Hawkins, 147 U. S., 486; 13 S. C., 512.)

Consider the implication: Among the twenty-four lawyers signing this petition were at least a half dozen whose appointment to the United States Supreme Bench would have been regarded as eminently fitting and praiseworthy. Either then the Supreme Court unanimously made a rule in this present case which was not the law otherwise, or the eminent counsel signing this petition did not know the law, or, as counsel, they signed an opinion which they would not have subscribed to as judges.

For the purpose here in mind, it does not much matter which of these alternatives the reader wishes to select. The meaning is that you cannot obtain the opinion of the finest legal talent in the United States and have the remotest confidence that this opinion is worth the paper on which it is written.

Let this be regarded as an exceptional instance, here is another:

Relying upon a written opinion signed by "five of the ablest lawyers then at the Connecticut bar"—the opinion is set forth in 44 Conn., 395—the directors of a railway company refused to obey a peremptory mandamus issued by the Superior Court. They were adjudged guilty of contempt and sentenced to jail, and this sentence was confirmed by the Supreme Court, the latter saying: "The reason assigned in their behalf furnishes no excuse for their misconduct."

Same alternative: Either their "five able lawyers" gave a dishonest opinion, which landed their clients in jail,

By CARL SNYDER

or they did not know the law. I believe that one of the able signers was a professor in the Yale Law School.

And again: In an action for partition which involved the title to a very considerable property, "the most eminent counsel then at the New York bar," whom it were invidious to name, was retained to supervise the proceedings. The attorneys in the case strongly advised that an assignee, appointed in bankruptcy proceedings

clients against persons whom he was prosecuting for crime growing out of the same transactions, which things were specifically forbidden by statute for a State's attorney to do, the attorney pleaded that he was ignorant of the existence of the law!

And again: In New York an attorney had advised a person to avoid the service of a subpoena issued by a court of the United States, and the latter thereupon evaded the marshal and subsequently fled to Canada and the subpoena was not served. The attorney was subsequently indicted by a Federal Grand Jury under Sections 5398, 5399 of the United States Revised Statutes, and was tried and convicted and fined. The attorney, in the proceedings to disbar him for misconduct, set up as a defense that he did not know of the existence of this Federal statute, or that an act which directly obstructed the administration of justice could be punished criminally.

Needless to say, both the New York and the Dakota courts refused to consider such a defense—that an attorney would plead ignorance of the law as an extenuation! Commenting on these cases, the editor of the "American Law Review" said:

"Think of the appalling ignorance of the principles of right, of fair dealing, of good faith, and of the obligations of a lawyer which these cases disclosed! The bar was once known as an honorable profession. What can be said of it to-day in the light of these examples?"

But consider another and more practical phase. Not only can a client have no confidence whatever that what his attorney tells him is the law, but if his attorney tells him wrong, he has absolutely no redress, even though the result should incidentally mean that he would be hanged!

Said the Hon. Frederick W. Lehmann, former president of the American Bar Association, in his Oklahoma address:

"The litigant, untrained in the law and unused to its mysteries, must bear the burden of the blunders of the court and counsel, grievous as these may be. For the mistakes of the court he may have a costly and partial redress by appeal to a higher tribunal, while

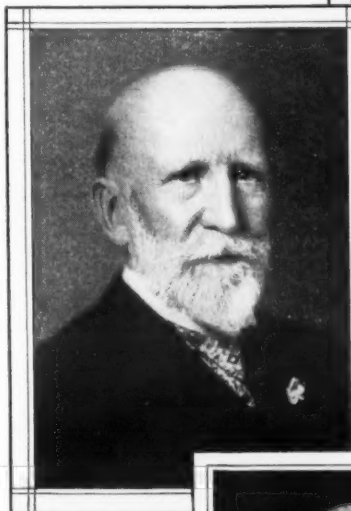
for the mistake of counsel he has, in the case itself, no redress at all, and outside of the case none that is greatly worth while. The St. Louis Court of Appeals did indeed hold that the gross ignorance, incompetence, and imbecility of counsel for a defendant accused of murder, by reason of which the defendant was deprived of essential rights and advantages guaranteed to him by law, constituted sufficient cause for setting aside a conviction and granting a new trial. But in a later case, of conviction of murder and sentence to death, the Supreme Court denied this, saying:

"The neglect of an attorney is the neglect of his client in respect to the court and his adversary. The decisions are too numerous to cite; but their uniform tenor is to the effect that neither ignorance, blunders, nor misapprehension of counsel not occasioned by his adversary is ground for setting aside a judgment or awarding a new trial. The rule is founded upon the wisest public policy. To permit clients to seek relief against their adversaries upon the alleged negligence or blunders of their own attorneys would open the door to collusion and would lead to endless confusion in the administration of justice."

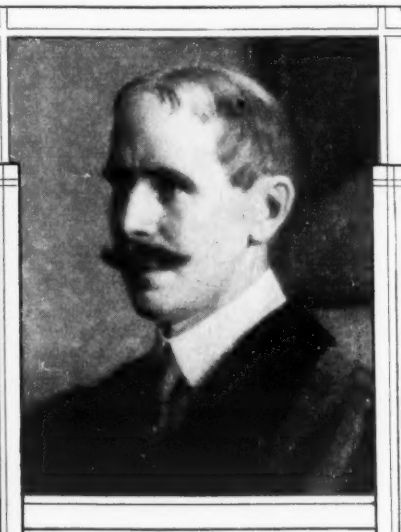
For the rest, the pages of the court reports, and especially of cases on appeal, are simply strewn with raps at the ignorance, carelessness, and pettifoggery of the attorneys. To cite but a couple of instances:

Justice Cartwright, 236 Illinois, 369: "If attorneys have not yet learned of this obvious proposition by its wearisome repetition in so many cases, it would seem to be of no use to state any principle of law in the decisions of this court."

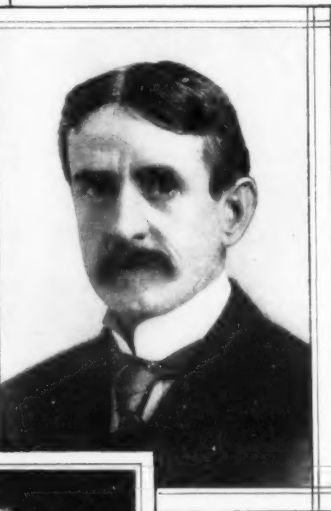
The Supreme Bench of Indiana, 39 Ind. App., 592:



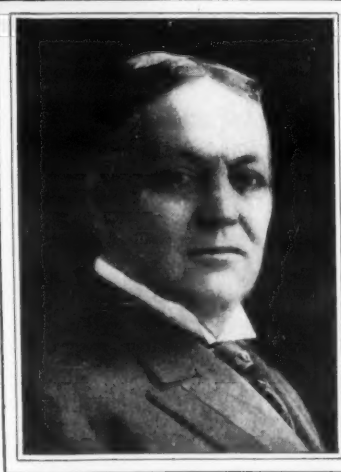
Everett P. Wheeler



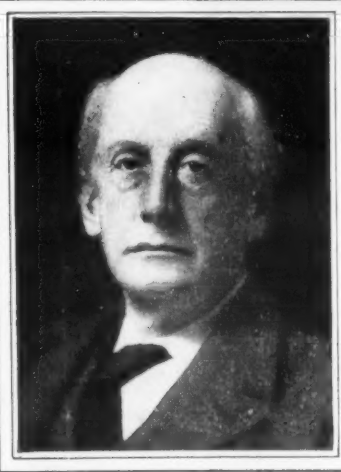
John H. Wigmore, lawyer, teacher, and criminologist



Edw. J. McDermott



Judge Emory Speer



Moorfield Storey

Five Lawyers Who Proclaim the Need of Reforming the Law

John H. Wigmore is dean of the Northwestern University law school and associated with the American Institute of Criminology. Judge Speer sits on the Federal bench, Edward J. McDermott is a leading member of the Louisville bar, Moorfield Storey of the Boston bar, and Everett P. Wheeler of that of New York

many years before, he joined as a defendant. "to save all question." But the "eminent counsel declared that he would retire from the case if any such unnecessary parties were made defendants"—I am quoting from "Law Notes," an excellent legal periodical. "The attorneys were overawed, the action went on without the assignee, and, as a result, the New York Court of Appeals decided that the whole of the property partitioned was defective." (11 Daly, N. Y., 373, 464.)

And again: In South Dakota, proceedings being taken to disbar a State's attorney for bringing actions for his

This is the third of the series of articles on the Scandals of the Law. The first, "The Encouragement to Kill," appeared November 25, and the second, on "The Monstrous Breakdown of the Criminal Law," December 2.

"Ninety-five reasons are given why a new trial should have been given to the appellant. Judgment affirmed."

But there is a matter of much greater moment than the mere question of individual shortcomings or ignorance, and this we will state as:

PROBLEM No. 2—Can the Lawyers Know the Law?
ANSWER—They cannot. And here is part of the reason:

There are, roughly, one hundred thousand practicing lawyers in the United States, and I have recently seen a careful estimate that the incomes of the great body of these, possibly four-fifths or more, does not exceed, on the average, a thousand dollars a year. Now, I have known of very eminent counsel who have spent months in the preparation of a single case, and this in special fields, as corporation law, where they were already recognized as the foremost in their profession.

To what were these months of hard labor applied? To the weaving of a maze of precedents, citations, and quotations with which to bewilder and overwhelm the opposing counsel and the court itself. These were lawyers who often receive fees of fifty thousand dollars and more. They can take their time.

Now, the law as administered in this country by the courts is rarely a broad consideration of the merits of the case, but rather an endless citation of precedents and former judgments. What chance has the lawyer with the income of a thousand dollars a year to work up cases like this, and what chance has his wretched client if his case happens to be against a rich corporation, able to employ the highest talent?

The law, in an appalling number of cases, is simply a question of which side has the larger retainer fees.

Consider another phase. With over forty State Supreme Courts whose opinions may be cited with weight, with over one hundred Federal judges, and nine Federal Appellate Courts, to say nothing of the voluminous decisions of the Supreme Court itself, it is almost impossible for the average lawyer to have more than the merest smattering of an idea as to what these decisions contain.

What, then, does the average lawyer do? He resorts to encyclopedias, digests, and the like. A sample of these and a suggestion of what a lawyer is expected to know is contained in the following:

The "American and English Encyclopedia of Law" consists of thirty volumes of fourteen hundred pages each, forty-two thousand pages in all. The "Encyclopedia of Pleading and Practice," twenty-three volumes with eleven hundred pages each, twenty-five thousand pages more. The "Encyclopedia of Evidence," fourteen volumes, one thousand pages each, in all fourteen thousand pages. Total of eighty-one thousand pages. (All this to know how to decide a simple issue of right and wrong!) It is a modest law library which does not contain the equivalent of this.

Even thus fortified, all that a lawyer can do is to build up a case as best he may, and his client must trust to luck as to whether he wins or not. Is this extreme? Here is the judgment of Dean Lawson of the Missouri University Law School, one of the ablest members of the profession in the United States:

"With our thousands of volumes of reported decisions on both sides of nearly every question presented, what man, however learned in the law he may be, can guarantee that any man or set of men will think as he thinks?"

And this brings us to:

PROBLEM No. 3—Do the Judges Know the Law?
ANSWER—The law is what they think, and they seldom think alike. And here is proof:

The Federal and the Supreme Courts of the various States, say the 150 courts which have the final word in the bulk of all appeals and whose dicta, therefore, are the Law, easily average several hundred decisions per year.

I will take a conservative estimate of two hundred, and all these courts have been grinding out decisions at this rate for certainly an average of more than twenty-five years each.

At a moderate estimate, then, within the lifetime of perhaps most practitioners at the bar, there have been a matter of seventy-five thousand or one hundred thousand decisions of more or less finality, and frequently quoted. Is there any manner of man living who could have even a modicum of an idea as to what these decisions—wise, foolish, sane, or outrageous—contain?

The Usurpation of Courts

IF THE law were clear or, more flatly, if there were any law except judicial construction, what earthly use would there be for this grotesque and overwhelming flood of judicial babble? And now:

PROBLEM No. 4—Do the Courts Make Law? **ANSWER—From the very beginning of the Republic it has simply been one long struggle against the usurpation by the courts of rights which they never possessed and were never intended to have.**

Lest this seem an extreme view, let me cite the opinion of that Justice of the Supreme Court whose combination of judicial learning, integrity, and truly statesmanlike qualities made him the nearest to an ideal supreme judge that we have had, certainly within this generation—the late Justice Harlan. In almost his last decision he said:

"After many years of public service at the national Capital, and after a somewhat close observation of the conduct of public affairs, I am impelled to say that there is abroad in the land a most harmful tendency to bring about the amendment of constitutional and legislative enactments by means alone of judicial construction."

And this was but a repetition of a warning which Justice Harlan had given many times in his long career. Let us take one or two recent instances of this practice against which he inveighed.

In the long struggle for the enactment of the so-called Sherman Antitrust Law, and in the still longer struggle to amend and emend and otherwise emasculate it, either by direct action of Congress or the more

should not have denounced this outrageous decision and immediately demanded Congressional legislation to subvert it and confine the courts to their legitimate business of construing the law according to its plain language and plain intent, in no wise lessens the gravity of his warning.

Still more flagrant was the action of the New York Court of Appeals in nullifying the Wainwright Workmen's Compensation Law by the usual fantastic stretch of the Constitution. Here was a law modeled on the English law now in force, and the Chinese mandarins of the New York court not only set it aside but virtually declared that no compulsory compensation law of any kind could be passed in the State of New York.

This abominable decision is not only repudiated by the common sense of mankind, but it has already been repudiated tacitly or directly by three other Supreme Courts. Could there be a more stinging rebuke than the words in which Chief Justice Winslow of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in affirming the constitutionality of a similar act in that State, declared that mere vague and general language in the Constitution or theories drawn from the "four corners of the instrument," however strongly fortified by precedent, must not be allowed to contradict the demands of modern economic conditions? He added:

"When an eighteenth-century constitution forms the charter of liberty for a twentieth-century government, must its general provisions be construed and interpreted by an eighteenth-century mind surrounded by eighteenth-century conditions and ideals? Certainly not. This were to command the race to halt in its progress and to stretch the State upon a veritable bed of Procrustes."

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has not yet passed officially upon the Compensation Act in that State, but before its passage the law was submitted to the court, and, two of its members being absent, that court unanimously gave its opinion that the act was valid, absolutely disregarding the opinion of the New York Court. But the Supreme Court of Kansas, passing upon a similar point, went further and said flatly:

"With the utmost respect to the very learned Court of Appeals of New York, it is submitted that such rulings simply fritter away serious efforts on the part of the Legislature."

Now, if three Supreme Courts, the first to pass upon it, have scant respect for the law as laid down by this "very learned Court of Appeals," what can be the feelings of the average man untrained to the belief that a man is a saner, wiser, and more honest being because he is a lawyer or a judge?

Mr. P. T. Sherman of the Civic Federation, which had charge of the framing of the act, made this significant statement:

"It has been the history of labor legislation in this country that often, when a new line of legislation is enacted, the first court that gets hold of it declares it to be in violation of 'due process of law,' and then, after a while, that legislation becomes established in some other State and then becomes established generally, and finally the court that at first condemned it has had to reverse itself. Thus the Supreme Court of Illinois has recently had to reverse itself on the constitutionality of the law regulating the hours of labor of women in factories. And that is the history of quite a number of modern legislative changes in the law."

That the Supreme Court will uphold any such construction of the Constitution is fairly clear from the tenor of the decision on a nearly parallel matter by Justice Holmes, in which he declared that:

"If it were a question whether I agreed with that theory, I should desire to study it further and long before making up my mind. But I do not conceive that to be my duty, because I strongly believe that my agreement or disagreement has nothing to do with the right of a majority to embody their opinions in law. It is settled by various decisions of this court that State constitutions and State laws may regulate life in many ways which we as legislators may think as injudicious, or, if you like, as tyrannical as this, and which equally with this interfere with the liberty of the contract."

PROBLEM No. 5—Do the Judges Trifle with the Law?
ANSWER—That is their business, because if they did not there would be need for only about one-third as many judges. Here is the proof:

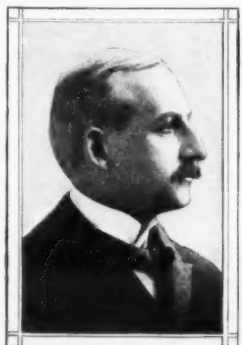
Justice is Denied

BEFORE the Iowa State Bar Association, ex-Governor B. C. S. Thomas of Colorado, in a remarkable address, entitled "Justice Delayed Is Justice Denied," said:

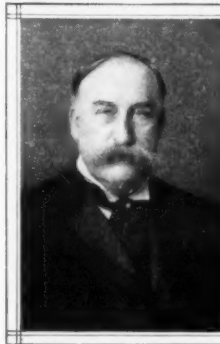
"Fully half of the business of the Appellate Courts is devoted to questions of practice not affecting the merits of the controversy, and thousands of cases are reversed and remanded for errors in practice at enormous expense to the losing parties whose rights to relief upon the facts are unquestioned."

The identical charge was made by Federal Judge Ames.

(Concluded on page 21)



William E. Werner



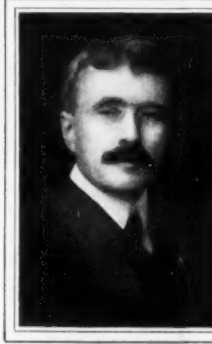
Edgar M. Cullen



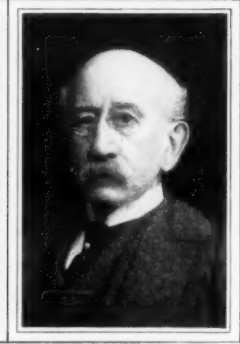
Emory A. Chase



Irving G. Vann



Frank H. Hiscock



John Clinton Gray

Eight Members of the New York Court of Appeals

This court denied the constitutionality of the Workingmen's Compensation Law, although other State Supreme Courts since then have declared like laws constitutional

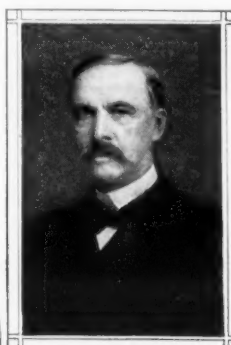
insidious action of the courts, efforts were incessant to read into the statute the idea that there could be reasonable restraint of trade. The various attorneys for the trusts seemed simply obsessed with this one thought, and wisely, for its obvious effect would be to put every supposed violation of the law up to an opinion of the court. Thus no business man would know whether the restraint he was endeavoring to exercise was reasonable or not until he had been haled to court and hired a lawyer.

The 1910 Opinion of President Taft

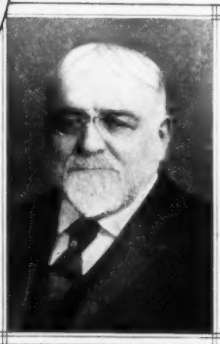
WE HAVE a lawyer President whose ambition, as is well known, was much more to be a Justice of the Supreme Court than President. It was repeatedly believed that he would be made Chief Justice. Had he been so, this is the opinion which he would have delivered in the Standard Oil case, for this is the opinion which he gave to Congress, January 7, 1910, while the trust cases were still pending:

"Many people conducting great businesses have cherished a hope and a belief that in some way or other a line may be drawn between a good trust and a bad trust, and that it is possible by amendment of the antitrust law to make a distinction. . . . Now the public, and especially the business public, ought to rid themselves of the idea that any such distinction is practicable or can be introduced into the statute. And certainly, under the present antitrust law, no such distinction exists. It has been proposed, however, that the word 'reasonable' should be made a part of the statute, and then that it should be left to the court to say what is a 'reasonable' restraint of trade, and what is a 'reasonable' suppression of competition, what is a 'reasonable' monopoly. I venture to think that this would put into the hands of the court a power impossible to exercise on any consistent principle which will insure the uniformity of decision essential to just judgment. It is to thrust upon the courts a burden that they have no precedents to enable them to carry, and to give them a power approaching the arbitrary, the abuse of which might involve our whole judicial system in disaster."

This was written one year and five months before the newly appointed Chief Justice White wrote the opinion which upset twenty years of Supreme Court decisions on this same law, and assumed for the courts a power for which President Taft had explicitly stated that they had no justification under the law. That with his usual easy-going amiability, President Taft



Albert Haight



Willard Bartlett

The Saving of Clarence Darrow

Factors and Motives that Led to the Dramatic Close of the McNamara Case

By C. P. CONNOLLY

THE McNamara case has gone into history. It has made history. It outclasses the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case in far-reaching consequences. It has clarified the atmosphere. It has laid some ghosts. It has awakened, it is to be hoped, a much-needed consciousness on the part of both capital and labor. It has once more demonstrated the capacity of the human mind for doubting the most obvious facts. Had the McNamaras been convicted after a trial, labor would have said—and it would have been honest about it—that the jury was packed; that every witness lied and was paid to lie; and that Judge Bordwell was another Jeffers. Facts would have been distorted like a man's reflection in one of those convex mirrors in the dime museums. Such is the power, and apparently the mission, of certain purveyors of "news," and such the unbending attitude of the forces of capital and labor toward each other. As a matter of fact, instead of the jury being packed in the interest of the State, facts have come to light disclosing that the jury was being systematically packed in the interest of the defense.

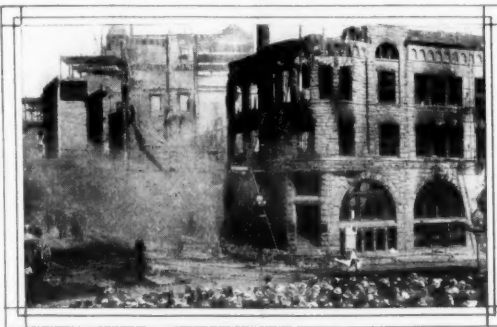
Never was there a more complete collapse of the defense in an important criminal trial. It is rare that a lawyer permits his client to plead guilty to a charge of murder, especially when such a plea must radiate like an earthquake shock under all the forces of industrial and economic life. Even now, several weeks after the confession, the air is filled with alarms and rumors of alarms. The complete story of the case may never be written. Temporarily, Capital has Labor down, and Capital is not a generous foe if we are to judge by the past.

Stage Manager Darrow

THERE was a political campaign on in the city of Los Angeles. The business men—the leading citizens—were in a state of panic. Nowhere, probably, was there ever a more intense and militant political strife. Bourbon and bourgeois grappled in what seemed to be a death struggle. Socialist enthusiasm was like the swell of a great sea. Its adherents seemed to come from everywhere, from crevices and crannies, from the tops of trees, and from under the ground. Halls that held three thousand people and over were packed, and the doors closed an hour before the appointed time for the meetings. The chorus of these adherents was not, of course, all Socialism nor all Socialistic.

The McNamara case, on the surface no more than an incident in this campaign, though many saw in it a large factor, was dragging its slow length along. Perhaps it had been purposely dragged. The jury box was slowly filling. The men who, because they had not heard about or paid attention to the case, and were, therefore, acceptable jurors, listened day after day to details of what this man had said or that man had written about the case until every one of them, however ignorant when he entered the box, was soon fully apprised of everything that everybody else knew. The defense had twenty challenges, the State had ten. In order to secure an unfair conviction, it was necessary for the State to pack the jury with twelve men. It took that many to convict. To prevent conviction, the defense must get on the jury one man who would hold out for acquittal and so bring about either a hung jury or a compromise verdict. Captain John D. Fredericks, the State's prosecutor, now claims that two of the men sitting in the box as accepted jurors had taken bribes from the defense. It was his intention to expose these before the jury was finally sworn. I think in all the Moyer-Haywood cases, including the various Steve Adams cases, the juries had at first always stood eight for conviction and four for acquittal.

Clarence Darrow, chief attorney for the McNamaras, is a great stage artist, a greater artist than lawyer. He poses for the public; he poses for the newspaper men. He would chafe in the company of a lawyer who merely knew the law and tried his case solely to the court, who saw only the judge on the bench, the jury in the box, the witness in the chair, and his antagonist across the table, and so his associates are selected for their capacity to aid his ulterior purposes. Left over from his early manhood, there is yet something likable, intensely human, which engages men unschooled in the wiles of the world. He affects the intellectual and appeals to that class, too; but he has what few intellectuals have, a deep and far-reaching cunning. His cases are tried for the world outside the courtroom. While dominating within the bar the forces arrayed on his own side, he is constantly shift-



The Times Building—Destroyed by James B. McNamara

ing the lights on the switchboard, to throw the proper hues and shadows on the scene for his public. All through the McNamara case, as indeed in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone cases, Darrow had the uncertain air of a man whose burden is too heavy and who may collapse at any time under the strain of his load; but he does not voluntarily share any of these burdens. He insists on being the star actor in whatever of human tragedy comes out of the case. With his clients alone he shares the limelight. Their cross is his cross. By this I do not mean to say he is hypocritical in his professed devotion to his clients. I rather think he is deeply sincere. Others who know him better may answer that question. Let us rehearse the series of events that prefaced the

by the McNamaras, though the proposition at that time was undoubtedly to sacrifice the younger brother and let the elder go free.

Now Steffens claims that when his City Club address was delivered he had already broached to Meyer Lissner, president of that institution, the subject of a compromise of the McNamara case, and this Mr. Lissner corroborates. Steffens also addressed women's organizations and others. The City Club address was delivered on Saturday. On the following Tuesday morning, November 28, occurred the most startling development in the McNamara case up to that time. Bert H. Franklin, a former deputy marshal of Los Angeles, head of the defense's detective bureau, was himself detected and arrested in the act of paying a prospective member of the jury panel the sum of \$500 on account, with the understanding that \$3,500 more was to be paid later for the vote of the juror for acquittal. The other \$3,500 was taken at the same time from the possession of Bert Franklin's companion, and it is charged, without naming him, that a prominent attorney for the defense was present at the moment of surprise. Upon being first approached, the prospective juror had promptly notified Captain Fredericks, the public prosecutor. It is understood that a certain bank, in cashing a check of large denomination with large bills, had noted the numbers of these bills, as is usual in banking houses, and that some of these same bills were taken from the possession of Franklin and his companion. On that same Tuesday evening a supper or banquet, announced in some hurry, was arranged for the members of the newspaper fraternity, at which Mr. Darrow and Mr. Steffens were the guests of honor. To some, word was passed that Darrow was to make a statement at this meeting. At the banquet Darrow looked worried. One could see there was something on the carpet. No announcement was made.

On the following (Wednesday) evening twenty or more prominent citizens of Los Angeles met Mr. Steffens at the office of Meyer Lissner. In the negotiations which ensued, the son-in-law of General Harrison Gray Otis had a prominent part, as had also Edwin T. Earl and others largely interested in the triumph of the Good Government ticket and the defeat of Socialism, and in the large commercial enterprises which the Socialists had denounced as part of the proposed loot of victory. The plot had thickened.

Where \$190,000 Went

TO UNDERSTAND how crucial the situation was from their point of view, bear in mind that the Socialists were equipped with the machinery of a powerful propaganda. Their headquarters were run on a huge scale, with large forces of clerks. Their speaking campaign required the renting of public halls night after night. They passed around the collection plate at these public meetings, but the funds thus derived could not have constituted more than a mere drop toward the heavy expenses of their campaign. The impression current in Los Angeles was that a share of the McNamara defense fund had been diverted to financing the Socialist campaign. If an accounting is ever made of the funds turned over to Darrow, it will probably be shown that the Socialist campaign was part of his stage setting for the case. He had done such things before. It is conceivable that he built up the Socialist sentiment to terrorize capital and so create a basis for a trade later should an emergency develop. If no thought of a trade had originally been in his mind, at least he realized that a strong Socialist and labor sentiment in the community must help the defense. Do not understand me as reflecting here upon the large number of earnest and sincere Socialists who saw nothing in their fight but a suddenly awakened consciousness on the part of the people to the alleged rascality of a so-called capitalistic government. But no observer of politics could be deceived into the belief that this tremendous and far-reaching Socialist campaign was due to natural conditions. There was money and there was directing genius behind it. Never in its history had Los Angeles been seized with such a panic of fear.

It subsequently transpired that at the meeting in Meyer Lissner's office the much-debated compromise to be put up to the prosecution was actually agreed upon. Captain Fredericks asserts that this proposition did not influence him in his decision. He claims that he told the representatives of the "Citizens," who he understood had been called together, that he wished to handle the matter in his own way, and that he would deal only with the attorneys for the defense. He also said that overtures had been made to him prior to this time, suggesting a plea of guilty on the part of J. B. McNamara and a dismissal of all cases against J. J. McNamara, the secretary of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Ironworkers.

He had refused these overtures, however, stating that no compromise less than a plea of guilty on the part of J. J. McNamara would be considered. In further explanation of his attitude, Captain Fredericks states that the costs of the two cases and the two trials against the McNamara brothers would have been nearly



The McNamaras Coming to Court to Plead Guilty

James B., who dynamited the Times Building, is at the reader's left in the photograph, and John J., who planned the crime, at the right. The brothers dressed carefully for their public appearance and bore themselves confidently



Ortie McManigal

The first confessor, whose story is now admitted to be the truth

climax. Lincoln Steffens, the widely known writer on graft and economic subjects, had arrived in Los Angeles about three weeks before the pleas of guilty in the McNamara case. Some of the leading Socialists had announced his coming and claimed that Mr. Steffens would make some speeches for their side. Mr. Steffens and Clarence Darrow, who are close friends, became constant companions. Several days after Steffens's arrival, the City Club, an organization responsible in some measure for the overthrow of the old Southern Pacific machine in Los Angeles, and officered by men prominent in the Good Government campaign of two years ago, as well as in the present one, arranged to have Mr. Steffens address them at one of their Saturday noonday meetings. He chose as his subject: "How to Beat the Socialists," and advised the leading citizens of Los Angeles to drop their warfare against organized labor and take labor into their confidence and confidences.

The title of this address was evidently the keynote of the campaign which climaxed in the pleas of guilty

C. P. Connolly is well-known to readers of Collier's. He was sent to Los Angeles to report the McNamara trial, October 11, and until the close was an attentive observer of its proceedings. Mr. Connolly also reported the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone trial for Collier's.

a million dollars, and that no matter how strong the evidence against the two men, he could afford to waive some considerations to save the State's money.

The whole purpose of the campaign, undertaken by Lincoln Steffens in the cause of altruism and charity, was diverted to securing the release of J. J. McNamara and permitting the younger brother to "take his medicine"; and the business men who met in conference in Mr. Lissner's office with him on Wednesday evening had undoubtedly met these conditions. Darrow had used Steffens.

Mr. Steffens, without thought for the judicial end of the case, was honestly trying, as he said, to put into effect in Los Angeles the spirit of real Christianity, but he had a bad coach, and the occasion was unfortunate. Behind the curtain was Darrow, now actuated apparently by the single thought of saving himself from possible entanglement, for he seems to have determined in this last emergency of Franklin's arrest that he had to sacrifice the elder brother, too. On the other side were certain political factors with certain schemes to further, ready to take advantage of Darrow's dilemma and Steffens's Christianity. These conferees sought to settle the decrees of the law regardless of the statutes.

The Bargain Is Consummated

JOB HARRIMAN, the Socialist candidate for Mayor, one of the attorneys who had sat in the case during the course of the trial, was not taken into the confidence of these conferees. He undoubtedly would have balked and protested against the barter of his party; he might even have reached the McNamaras and fought against their plea. Subsequently he said he would have done this. The first intimation of what had happened came to Harriman when he heard the newsboys on the street shouting the announcements of the pleas of guilty. A representative of the American Federation of Labor was consulted, however, and members of the National Erectors' Association in the East were telegraphed to. Fearful of a hitch in the agreed program, Mr. Steffens, the McNamaras, and their attorneys held a hurried consultation in the jail on Thursday—Thanksgiving Day—and John J. McNamara yielded and agreed to plead guilty. The Los Angeles business men undoubtedly had suggested that the bargains be consummated before election day. Their object was thus gained.

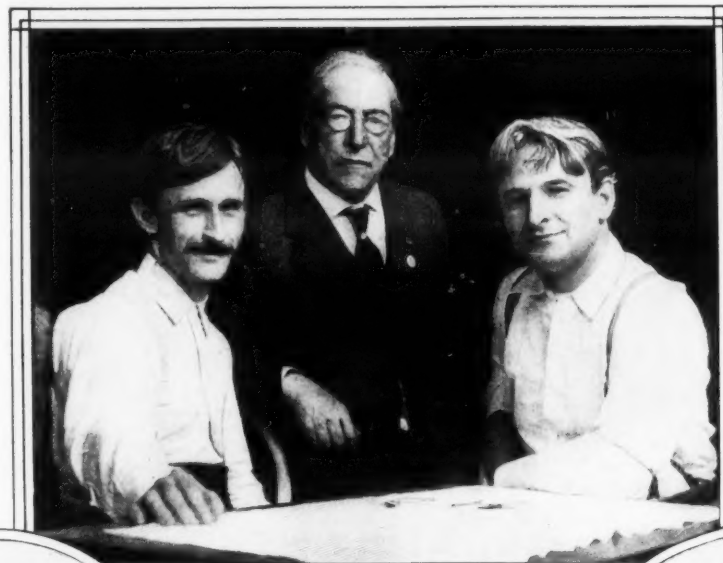
The timing of this plea of guilty has an important bearing. The defense led the newspaper men to believe that they were compelled to accept the terms of the compromise at that time or not at all. That compromise was effected, and the defendants actually pleaded guilty on Friday, four days before election. Now, I do not mean to imply that Judge Bordwell had anything whatsoever to do with all this bargaining, or that he took any judicial notice whatsoever of it. Neither do I mean to say that Captain Fredericks or his associate, Mr. Ford, were influenced by this extrajudicial compromise. Captain Fredericks has resented the suggestion, and claims that the arrest of Franklin precipitated the sacrifice of John J. McNamara. His exact statement was: "The whole thing in a nutshell is this: Tuesday, Bert Franklin was caught redhanded in the act of bribing a prospective juror, and then J. J. pleaded guilty." I make these disclaimers notwithstanding that the sentences imposed by the court were practically those announced in the newspapers at the time of the pleas.

Whatever is said, the fact remains that the surrender of the McNamaras had the desired effect, for the Socialist forces in Los Angeles, after all their tremendous campaign, were routed, and the frightful boggy which had scared virtue and vice into each other's arms vanished into thin air. Job Harriman was beaten by forty thousand votes.

Let us examine more closely the bearing of this surrender on the individual predicament of the defense. If the McNamaras had pleaded guilty immediately after the arrest of Franklin, that fact, standing alone, would have been not only an apparent confession of their own guilt but also of the complicity of some of their lawyers. That Scott had ought to do with this bribery, nobody believes, nor Harriman. Harriman had not been actively in the case for some weeks, owing to his political activities, and Scott's reputation in Los Angeles, as one of its citizens of high character, saved him from any imputation, without actual proof, of his guilt. Judge McNutt was an old practitioner who had not taken very active part in the case, and upon whom at least no suspicion in the public mind alighted. Nor do Davis, McNutt, or Scott appear to have taken an active part in the negotiations growing out of the Lissner meetings. If Darrow had not desired to secure from the McNamaras their hurried pleas of guilty before the forthcoming disclosures in the Franklin affair, which case was then set for the following Monday, he might have taken Job Harriman into his confidence. Evidently he feared that Harriman's personal stake would

balk negotiations till after election, and that fact would have precipitated the disclosures of the Franklin case on Monday. Under all these conditions a diversion was essential to screen the dangerous emergency which confronted him. Otherwise the secret conferences in Meyer Lissner's office and elsewhere might never have been made public. True, the business men of Los Angeles may have seen the advantage of Lincoln Steffens's suggestion as a powerful factor in the coming election, only five days distant, without penetrating the ulterior motives of Darrow. This statement of Darrow's position might seem to involve Mr. Steffens. It is only fair to say that I believe Mr. Steffens's motives were absolutely clean and altruistic.

In the excitement of the moment he might not have grasped the angles and proportions of the play. Possibly he sees better through the motives of men in retro-

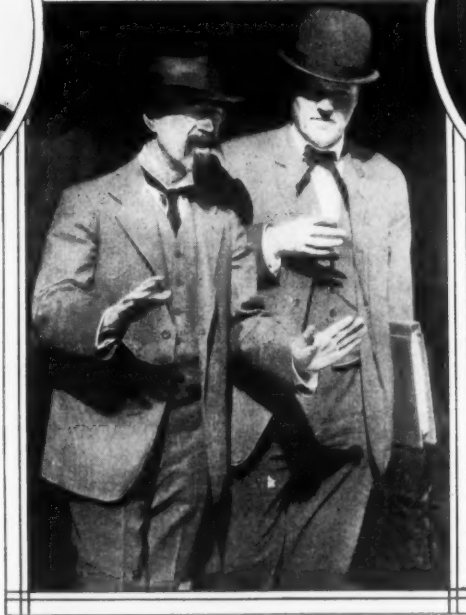


The McNamara brothers and Samuel Gompers, taken before the confession, when, as Mr. Gompers says, he believed in their innocence



District Attorney Fredericks

Who says the confessions were forced by the bribery investigation



Lincoln J. Steffens and Attorney Clarence Darrow

The writer who attempted to mediate between capital and labor, and the attorney for the defense who suddenly decided to have his clients plead guilty

spect than in action. The same disclaimer would apply to Meyer Lissner and to some others who took part in these conferences.

My own judgment is that Darrow turned the affair for his own salvation and that, though through the surrender the punishment of the McNamaras may have been mitigated, it is possible we will hear no more about the bribery of Lockwood. The National Erectors' Association and the Steel Trust are now angling for even bigger fish than Darrow, but it will be unfortunate if all the facts in possession of the prosecution are not made public. Tampering with judges and juries has been the bane of justice in this country. It ought to be stamped out. There ought to be no compromise with it.

John J. McNamara's Personality

DOUBTLESS there will be the time-worn plea that Franklin's act in attempting to bribe the juror Lockwood was *ultra vires*—that he had no authority or instructions to bribe jurors. Such pitiable excuses should be abolished in law, and the criminal act of the agent held to be the act of the principal. Then some lawyers would be rather more careful about the kind of agents they employ in detective work. No agent would dare attempt to account for

the disappearance of \$4,000 to a man of the world like Darrow by saying he had fed it to the pigeons.

I had had a series of interviews with John J. McNamara in the jail, and had left him on Wednesday afternoon in an attitude of apparent satisfaction with the general status of his case. I had offered to give him space in an issue of COLIER'S to tell the grievances of labor against capital as he saw them. Coming from him at a time when the eyes of all were upon Los Angeles, I thought they might find an interested audience. I had had several talks with him. He is a man of surprises. I am satisfied that at that time, twenty-four hours before his counsel had wrestled with him to enter his plea, he looked forward to either acquittal after trial or discharge without trial. "To-morrow is Thanksgiving," he said cheerfully, "and the next day is visiting day. Come around Saturday morning." So the stenographer and I had left him, to return on Saturday. But on Saturday the scenes had shifted. The grievances were on the other side. It is one of the psychological phenomena of life that what I got from him in those four or five interviews, given in his own language—direct, mild, and comprehensive—would have made a real human-interest document had he not pleaded guilty when he did. To-day it is fit only for the waste-basket. When a hero falls, his drapery falls with him.

A Broad Thinker

IN SPEAKING of the control of the courts by the corporations, for instance, I had asked him if his remedy would be the control of the judiciary by the labor unions. "That would just be a shifting of task-masters," he had answered in a flash. He didn't believe in the income tax, he said. I was surprised. "If you can take something from a man after he has it," he said, "that's confiscation. If you can do that, why can't you regulate his business and distribute his immense profits equitably among himself and his consumers?"

"They say you can't do that; that it is interfering with vested rights; yet you tax a man or fine him, and confiscate what one has made honestly and the other dishonestly. They say you can't regulate business on that basis, and I am willing to admit that under the present laws it cannot be done; but if our laws were changed, it would not be the first time they were changed." At another time he said: "Increase in wages means a corresponding increase in the necessities of life. In the last analysis it does not benefit the laboring man."

Bert Franklin
Detective of the defense charged with trying to bribe a venireman

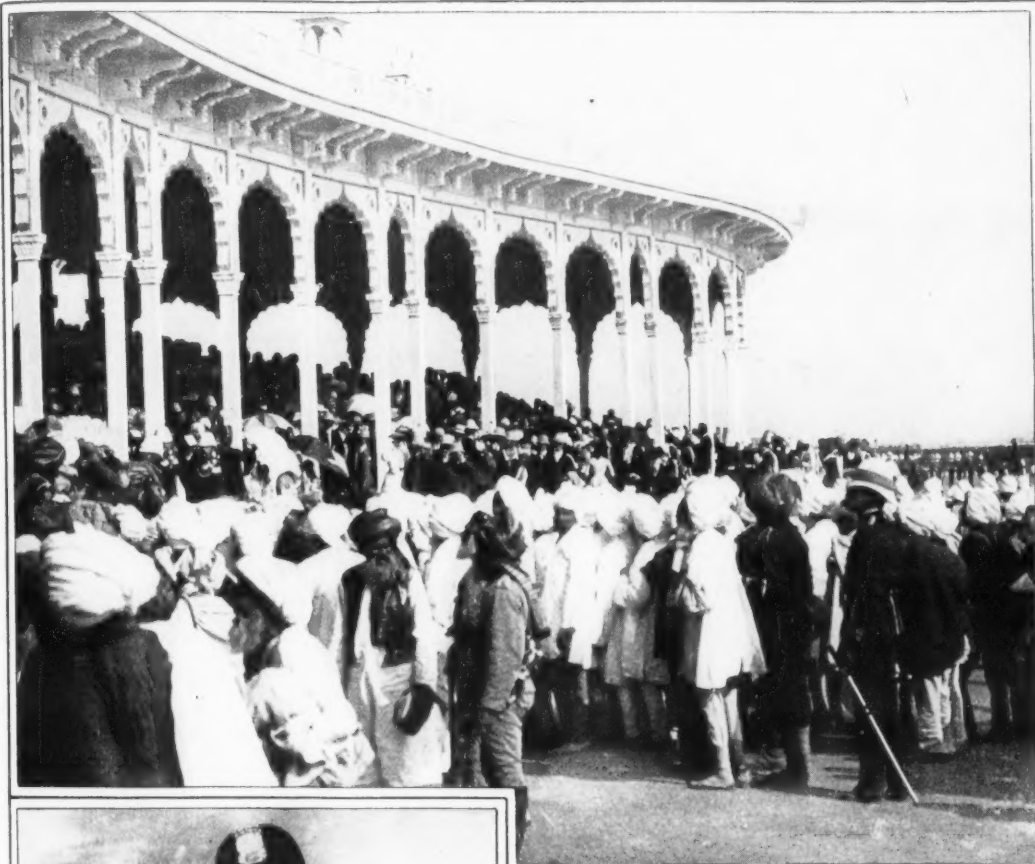
Those visits to J. J. McNamara's cell and the glimpses he gave me of his mind have left an ineffaceable impression of surprise that a man of such power and intelligence, and a personality so genial, could be guilty of the willful slaughter of innocent human beings in whatever cause. It is but fair to say, however, that the Los Angeles "Times" explosion is said to have been the only one in the McNamara warfare which sacrificed human life. The undignified, silly, and even ribald language put into this man's mouth by some newspaper reporters has also left with me a sad impression of the sensational methods of some members of the press. In the solemn scene on Tuesday morning, after Judge Bordwell had sentenced the two men, one prominent paper pictured Jim McNamara leaning over to his elder brother and congratulating him upon the lightness of his sentence. As a matter of fact, the men did not exchange a word during the entire proceedings.

The coolness and will power of J. J. McNamara were exemplified in the good-natured, optimistic speech he made with unbuckled nerve at the Thanksgiving dinner in the jail at the moment he was holding under advisement his decision on the proposal of his lawyers that he plead guilty.

It will be said by partisans of the union that capital is relentless in its pursuit of labor; that it controls the courts and the avenues of publicity; that the crimes of capital and the evidence of them are hushed up. Anybody who knows anything about these two forces and their methods can honestly agree in part to these charges. There is among the records of Congressional investigations at Washington evidence that capital has been guilty in its warfare against competitors of the very crimes to which the McNamaras have pleaded guilty. If wealth could be curbed in its injustice, I believe labor would soon abate its own violence. Both are blind to the faults of their own side. I never felt as much contempt for Haywood as I did for the Smelter Trust. James B. McNamara foolishly said he was ready to die for a principle. No principle was proved by the blowing into eternity of twenty-one innocents who had no other quarrel with him than the right to earn their own bread. It is a wretched plea for a printer, familiar with the hours of labor on a morning newspaper, to admit that he planted nitroglycerin under such a building, setting the time clock for 1 A. M., and then to urge that he didn't mean to snuff out any lives. The men who saw and who

(Concluded on page 22)

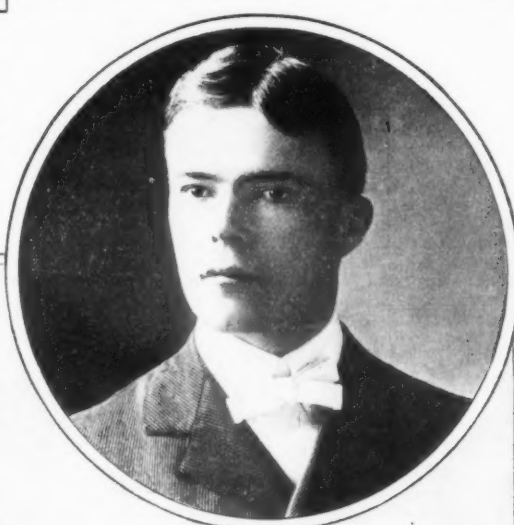
A Throne Disturbed and Two Merely Annoyed



The Infanta Eulalia, Who Objected to Alfonso as a Critic
The Infanta wrote a book in which she proclaimed the right of divorce and remarriage. In Spain that spells both literary and political sensation. The King ordered his aunt to suppress the book. She refused. Then she was told that the throne might be menaced by any dispute in the royal family, and finally she apologized

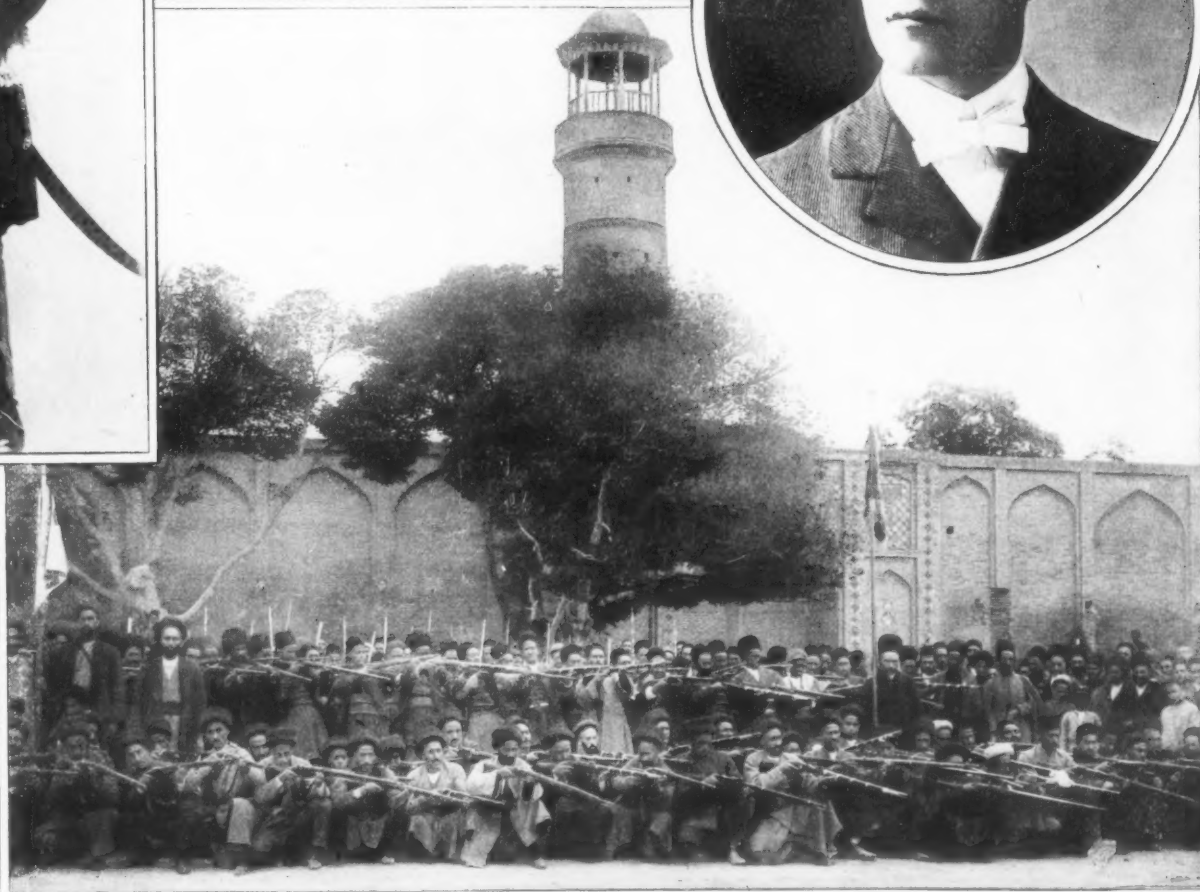


Imperial Pavilion Burned at the Durbar
On December 7, amid the roar of an imperial salute of 101 guns, the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress arrived at Delhi, the Durbar town, from Bombay. The route to the camp was lined by English and Indian regiments, and the King and Queen were received on an elaborately decorated platform by the viceroy and vicereine, governors, and heads of provinces. The magnificent pavilion in which the King was to have been received by the Indian princes was burned two days before his arrival, presumably by incendiaries. The King's guard was increased



The Shah and His American Adviser

Russia delivered, on November 29, an ultimatum to Persia demanding the dismissal of W. Morgan Shuster, the American Treasurer-General. The national council in open session rejected the Russian ultimatum. England, through Sir Edward Grey, sent a cablegram to the Assembly urging Persia to yield to the demands of Russia, but all the speakers protested against this course, which they said would lead to signing away Persia's independence. Mr. Shuster went to Persia following an informal request made by the Persian minister at Washington for a financial expert. He had been connected with the Philippine Administration. The international complaint against him was lodged when both Russia and England were told by their agents that he really was working for Persia, the financial independence of which was desired by neither



King George of England probably was irritated when his pavilion burned, and King Alfonso of Spain was annoyed by his aunt, but the boy Shah Ahmed Mirza of Persia had reason for genuine disturbance when Russia threatened him. The soldiers are Persian Nationalists, who support Shuster

The Night Before Christmas

An Old Custom Oft Is Able to Revive an Old Memory

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

ALIGHT snow had fallen; and Robert Wilkinson, returning along the brick sidewalks from his studio, minced and balanced timorously in an attentive effort to keep his feet. Even so, he had several times just escaped being the victim of an uncontrollably slippery heel; and the nervous energy required in recovery was more than he could comfortably spare. He had given ten singing lessons—a half hour each, at seven dollars apiece—and he was tired.

"Brick sidewalks!" he muttered to himself as he made his painstaking way over a pavement of peculiar treachery, "where else but in Boston—if a man of my age and bulk were to fall—but at that moment the slippery heel would not be denied, and down he went, shedding hat and stick with a loud ringing sound.

In spite of his age and bulk, he found himself not seriously hurt, though aware of a somewhat painful bruise on his left elbow—which annoyed him less, however, than the smiles of two approaching young ladies. With a dignified agility he set about picking up himself and his belongings, and he had almost accomplished the feat when a window in the house before which he had fallen was raised and a feminine voice called out:

"Oh, Mr. Wilkinson! I hope you're not hurt?"

Stooping for his hat, he paused and looked up—a temporarily absurd attitude, as occurred to him later. There in the open window stood Helen Joyce. In the preoccupation of his thoughts, he had not realized that it was the Joyces' house which he had been passing, the Joyces' sidewalk which had entrapped him. His fall now seemed to him doubly exasperating.

But he answered pleasantly:

"Oh, no, thank you, not hurt in the slightest."

And without further misadventure, he recovered his hat.

HELEN JOYCE did not put down the window. She said:

"It was such a hard fall; you must be quite shaken up. Won't you come in and rest a moment, and have some tea?"

"Thank you, I wish I could. But I must be on my way. I'm late as it is."

He moved on at a fairly reckless pace. Why he had said that he must be on his way and that he was late he could not explain, though a glimmering of conscience besought him for an answer. He was headed for his rooms, with the intention of lounging there for the hour intervening before dinner. There was no reason why he should have answered as he did. Before he had taken many steps, he wished that in response to the invitation he had gone in.

Helen was looking rather faded. At forty most unmarried women look rather faded. There was gray in her hair too. It was a pity that she had never married. Wilkinson had an uneasy, dissatisfied feeling—the kind of feeling that he always had when Helen Joyce was brought to his mind.

He pursued his way, conscious that a vague weight had been added to the depression, the apprehensive anxiety with which the prospect of Christmas had been inspiring him.

For although it was only five days distant, no one had as yet invited him to Christmas dinner.

It seemed to him almost incredible that he should be overlooked, and almost comic that he should take the oversight to heart. But the fantastic idea of dining all alone on Christmas was imposing itself on him as more probable and more appalling.

IF PEOPLE knew of his forlorn condition, dozens of doors would of course fly open to him. But his pride would not permit him to hint to anyone that he was unprovided for, and everybody assumed that naturally he, like all other popular bachelors, would be eating two dinners on Christmas.

Of course it should have occurred to some one that the Wilsons, with whom he had always dined on Christmas informally at one o'clock, were in Europe, and that the Morrises, with whom he had always dined on Christmas formally at eight o'clock, were in mourning.

It was a perverse world; throughout the winter he was showered with dinner invitations; he dined out on an average probably five times a week; and yet the one day of the year when dinner was important, he was forgotten! Wilkinson felt that he cared as little as any man alive for mere eating and drinking. But he was a middle-aged bachelor; his only near relative was a married sister who lived in Denver; and being lonely and middle-aged, he craved passionately a little share in some family's Christmas celebration—to keep him from reflecting on how lonely and middle-aged he had become.

When he arrived at his rooms, he found two notes lying on his table. He experienced a juvenile thrill, for they both had the look of invitations. One he opened,

and the thrill subsided. Mrs. Clarence Bayne requested the pleasure of his company at dinner on January thirteenth. The handwriting on the other envelope identified itself for him, and the hopes which he had entertained of it likewise faded. Mrs. Henry Truro would not be asking him to come in for Christmas, having very recently declared in his presence that the celebration of that day should always be a purely family matter.

Mrs. Truro had need of him. She was organizing a chorus of Christmas "waits," to proceed through the streets on Christmas Eve, singing Christmas carols. "The Hill is taking the lead in reviving old-fashioned Christmas customs," she wrote—Mrs. Truro lived on the Hill. "You remember how last year on Christmas Eve the shades in the houses on Mount Vernon and Chestnut Streets were all left up, and candles put in the windows, and how pretty it was. This year we think it would be fine to have some 'waits' also—and if it's a pleasant night, we might share them with some less favored quarter of the city—the Back Bay or the South End, for example."

And she apologized for asking a professional to give his services in such a matter, but Christmas came only once a year, and nobody else could so successfully train a small chorus in so short a time, etc. So would he not

was a sufficient discharge of the obligations imposed by the recollections of a former intimacy.

Really there had been nothing exceptionable in his conduct. If she had once been in love with him—as he very well knew was the case—it had not been his fault. He could not have prevented that. And he had never given her any definite ground for believing that he was or ever would be in love with her. No. Never. He rose and threw another log on the fire emphatically.

To be sure, it had all been very unfortunate. There had been that time fifteen, yes, fifteen years ago when he had realized that people were watching Helen and himself with the almost daily expectation of hearing of their engagement. He remembered his own feeling of that time perfectly. He had been quite willing to fall in love with her, if it should so happen. He had recognized a certain intellectual and temperamental sympathy which would assuredly have made for their comfortable life together. Unfortunately he had never been able to feel excited about her—and the expression of her face had sufficiently betrayed, when they were together in that distant past, that she had been excited about him. She was quite a young girl then. If she had been a little prettier perhaps—though she was not ill-looking, he had always in those days been discontentedly aware that her ears were too large, and that her shoulders were somewhat too high and angular; waiting for love to take possession of him if it would, he had grown somewhat fastidious in his observation of details.

In spite of this fastidiousness, he had been on the verge of deciding that to like a girl very much was to love her. Then he had encountered Barbara Vance.

WHAT a waste of effort had been his for the next few years! Often nowadays he wondered, not so much at the sudden blaze of passion in him for that girl, as at the long, long period that it had burned, seeming to grow in intensity all the while. And he wondered, too, how she had been able to resist a force that had mastered him and held him so completely. Her family had opposed him; they had felt that Barbara could do better than marry a singing master. They looked on his profession as respectable in a way, yes—yet not quite worthy of respect. It was not they who had beaten him; he believed that they had not even been able to influence her much. But neither had he. Most women were readily susceptible to the charm of his voice—and he had been thought good-looking in those days. For three years he had wooed Barbara, who seemed always in a receptive but unconvinced attitude of mind; and then Harrison Thorpe had swept down upon her. Barbara had turned from Wilkinson as lightly as if he had been the lover of a moment rather than of years.

Yet he had no reason to reproach her—no more reason than Helen Joyce had for reproaching him. Not so much, indeed, for one of the painful facts of which he had derived a subtle knowledge was this—that Helen, waiting for him, had dismissed another suitor. David Grange had been at last convinced by her positiveness; finding that he could never win from her more than a second-hand love, he had bestowed a second-hand love upon another young woman. David Grange was not happy, his wife was not happy; Helen Joyce was not happy, and, Wilkinson reflected, he himself was probably least happy of all. Only Harrison and Barbara Thorpe had made a success of life, with beaming faces, six children, and corpulent figures.

WILKINSON leaned forward and poked together the fragments of a burned log. "And who knows about them?" he thought. "Barbara's lost her looks—she has only the shadow of her old charm for me—a tone now and then, a sparkle, nothing else. If she's lost it for me, she's lost it for her husband; he never cared more for her than I did. Nothing lasts in this life. Everybody grows tired. And I suppose it's worse to be tired of one's wife than of one's self. I suppose I'm really to be congratulated. Heavens, what a cynical state of mind! And all because of a tumble and a poor outlook for a Christmas dinner! It must be cocktail time."

He proceeded to the club, where he found that his surmise as to the hour was correct. Moreover, young Bob Dysart, who had announced his engagement only the day before, was there; after drinking his health and that of his fiancée, Wilkinson felt better. Love had its attractive phases; though he had tried it and failed, he had a kindly and interested eye for the young things who were succeeding at it. And Dysart was a good fellow and deserved his success.

Only, after the second cocktail, Wilkinson fell to dreaming in his chair of how, years ago, he had often



On the sofa sat Mrs. Truro and Helen—bland, interested, expectant

come round to her house for tea the next afternoon and organize the singers of the neighborhood?

He thought he would not, but the consideration of the polite wriggling which would be required of him in giving a negative answer drove him into yielding. He wrote to Mrs. Truro that he would be delighted to cooperate with her in carrying out her beautiful idea. Then he pushed his armchair up in front of his fire and sprawled lazily, to wait until it should be time to go over to the club for dinner.

IT WAS a curious and annoying thing, he reflected, how each time that he saw Helen Joyce his conscience pricked him. Why should it? In letting their intimacy gradually die, he had not been guilty of any disloyalty. It had been, he was sure, more comfortable for her as well as for himself. Now she invited him to her house once or twice a year; he made the prescribed calls and perhaps left a card on her occasionally besides. That

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fancied himself entering the club gayly—like Dysart—and calling on the fellows to drink with him because of his achievement. He decided that failure of any kind was sad, and bad to dwell on; so he went to the piano, and soon a crowd was gathered round him, roaring out a chorus to his rich baritone, with Bob Dysart leaning on his shoulder and regarding him during the solo passages with bright, admiring eyes.

THE next afternoon as Wilkinson made his way to Mrs. Truro's house, he was in a quite complacent mood. The work with his pupils had been less exacting, he had not lost his footing on a brick sidewalk, and he faced the prospect of a lonely Christmas without dismay. He had even begun to think of being a benefactor on that day, of gathering in a collection of waifs and giving them a dinner at the Touraine. It was a prospect that he did not enjoy, but he asked the question seriously: "Why be a selfish pig?"

With such brimming sentiments of good will he approached the respectable residence of Mrs. Henry Truro. In her drawing-room he found a select gathering of the young people of the Hill—a region of which he himself had the privilege of being an inhabitant. But among them there was an intruder, Helen Joyce.

She smiled and nodded to him, and then went on talking vivaciously with the two young engaged persons, Bob Dysart and Madeleine Merritt. Wilkinson was making his way toward the group when Mrs. Truro intercepted him and led him off to one side.

"I thought that twelve or fifteen would be a good number for the chorus," she explained. "I have invited all the best voices on the Hill. By going below Charles Street I might have got the Madisons—but that would have detracted from the neighborhood character of the party. And I wanted this to be purely a Hill enterprise. Amelia Wyndham will probably sing off the key, and we ought to have more men, but still there are enough here for a nucleus. And with you as chorister it can't help being a success. I've had printed some carols that I like. But, of course, I leave the selection entirely to you."

Wilkinson looked over the leaflet which she gave him.

"Yes, I haven't anything better to suggest," he said. "They'll do very well."

HELEN JOYCE came up to Mrs. Truro, to take her leave.

"I'm going to run now," she said. "I didn't know you were having a rehearsal."

"Helen, don't go," Mrs. Truro urged hospitably. "I'm not a singer; you can sit with me and listen. I'm sure Mr. Wilkinson won't mind."

"Perhaps Miss Joyce will make one of the chorus," suggested Wilkinson.

But Mrs. Truro shook her head with determination. "No, no, we can't allow that. It's your misfortune, my dear, but you're not a Hill-dweller. You'll sit with me on the sofa, and we'll criticize. But first I must pass these round."

She moved off to distribute her leaflets, and left Helen Joyce and Wilkinson together.

At that moment Barbara Thorpe and her husband entered the room.

Wilkinson glanced from Barbara to Helen. Barbara was stout, cheerful, matronly; her complexion had reddened and coarsened; a kindly light in her eyes had replaced the ardent fire, the brilliant, excited gleam that had shone there in her youth. With her stout, bald,

veyed a generous warmth of friendliness. Wilkinson remembered her smile as having once been like a song.

"Hello, Helen; how are you, Robert?" she said, with a cooing cordiality; her voice had not changed. "So sorry to be late." She turned from them to Mrs. Truro, still cooing pleasantly, calmly, cheerfully. "Are we going to sing right off?"—as Mrs. Truro presented her with a leaflet. "I'm such a portly soul—the stairs have taken my breath—but I shall be ready."

HELEN accompanied Mrs. Truro to the sofa. Wilkinson stood in the center of the room and the others grouped themselves in front of him. Bob Dysart and Madeleine Merritt were side by side in the front row, sharing a leaflet together; they preferred it that way. Harrison Thorpe and Barbara were separated and, by contrast with the young lovers, seemed quite unaware of each other. On the sofa sat Mrs. Truro and Helen, bland, interested, expectant.

Wilkinson lifted up his voice. "Silent night, holy night—"

The chorus took up the carol. Wilkinson led them, beating time with his long arm, drawing out the tones with it now from this singer, now from that. But all through the singing his mind was preoccupied with contrasts, wistful images, and thoughts: the young Dysart and the maiden singing gravely into each other's eyes with all there was in them of soul, the once adored Barbara fluting softly while she inspected the hats, and her husband, unconcerned with her efforts, rolling out the words of the hymn with a self-centered, physical joy in the suavity and mellowness of his ample baritone voice. And now and then Wilkinson's glance showed him Mrs. Truro and Helen sitting on the sofa, side by side—two onlookers at life—one widowed and experienced, the other virginal and fading; and that spectacle, more than the others, impressed him with the sadness of life, although indeed the expression visible on the ladies' faces was that of a placid interest.

Yes, a placid interest was all that he could find in Helen's eyes. The strange glow that had been in them years before when he had been the prince of her romantic fancy, the glow that had made him uneasy and conceited, cad-dish and ashamed, was not awakened in them now. And that also accounted for him the sadness of life. It was not only the women, like Barbara, who with advancing years lost their power to charm.

He turned his attention somewhat more earnestly to the rehearsal.

MRS. TRURO'S "waits" had almost finished their pilgrimage. Starting at nine o'clock from Mount Vernon Street—where all the shades were raised and the curtains drawn back and the seven pyramidal candles burning in each window gave every house the aspect of being engaged in the solemn observance of a religious rite, the choristers had progressed over to Chestnut Street, which presented a similar hallowed appearance, then out Beacon Street, and finally to Commonwealth Avenue. They had sung their carols in every block, and had had the excitement of seeing people rush to the windows and place their faces against the panes; they had grown accus-

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He looked into Helen's face and lifted up his voice

ruddy-faced husband she seemed one who was passing from the active to the contemplative stage of life. And Helen, though her girlish lines had always too much approximated those of spinsterhood, had taken on with years a new and charming luminousness. The spirit of romance had passed from Barbara. In Helen it still lingered. Yet it was the fascinating Barbara of younger years that Wilkinson had loved.

She came forward to them with her smile which con-

Going After Souls on a Business Basis

The Religious Forward Movement Insists that Virtue Be Capitalized in Good Works

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON



James G. Cannon—Chairman of the Committee of 97

RIGHT now a good old-time revival is surging through the nation. It is an old-fashioned fiery revival, but with twentieth century methods and adaptations. Its originator, leader, and spearhead is Fred B. Smith. He calls it the Men and Religion Forward Movement. Soon after this issue of COLLEGE reaches its readers, the evangelists will release their enthusiasm in New York, Portland, Providence, Springfield, Worcester, and then Boston, Hartford, and Rochester will feel the palpitations. It is tackling seventy-six cities, and eighteen hundred smaller communities have begged for some of its Pentecostal fire.

"The Battalion of Thirty"—thirty speakers, each an expert in his own line, all of them drilled for the revival as carefully as a corps of drummers—are told off into three teams (with the New Year there will be four teams). They are proceeding south through the Middle West, and by April will have reached most sections of the United States. Their desire is to bring 3,000,000 boys and men to a religious life. Their new evangelistic note is to express "conviction" in terms of good works.

Smith is a ruddy, strongly built man who for twenty-three years has been a Y. M. C. A. worker. "A great big he-man," is the way his friends describe him. The phrase originated with Smith. He was once asked by a reporter why he didn't leave church work to the women, who already had a monopoly of it.

"When a man is drowning, you don't send a lady out to rescue him. You send a great big he-man," said Smith.

He is a Middle Westerner, sincere, human, fearless, with a clear, true eye. Men listen to him gladly, for he is hearty and democratic. He believes in giving men a man's job to do in church work.

"I found one church committee," he says, "of twenty-one men—men capable of organizing a bank or running a railroad—engaged in the work of buying a rug for the vestry floor. We expect to advertise Jesus Christ and the church as they were never advertised before."

What he is, his battalion of speakers are—bright, cheery Christians, bursting with vitality, alert of eye, with a vigorous handclasp. They are hearty meat eaters, getting away with four meals a day, the last after ten at night, when the day's troubles are over. They live at what is almost a training table, in the rigor and forcefulness of the diet. They have taken hold of religion, and are boosting it with the fervor and publicity skill which a gang of salesmen would apply to soap that floats or suits that wear.

A Leader Who Is Not Afraid

INTO a Middle Western town the revival dropped—a town torn by labor troubles. After the meeting, one of the manufacturers took Smith in his automobile out to his home. It was 10.30 o'clock at night when the two men entered the large living room and found twenty employers of labor gathered.

"You're all for labor," said one of them, "you and the rest of the speakers. You're all for the workingman." Another manufacturer jumped up and denounced union men. Smith pulled out his watch. It was now midnight. The discussion had been brisk and even bitter.

"Well, gentlemen, I'm going to my hotel, and I'm going to bed. You can continue the discussion if you wish

to. But there's one thing you ought to do. Go, get a concordance and look up all the references to murder in the Bible. For you've got murder in your hearts."

Smith is swift like that—a strong, heady plunger into dangerous situations. And he knows how to advertise. A man came to him the other day, saying:

"Do you know that many of the disorderly resorts in Chicago are owned by 'respectable' citizens of the community, and that, in certain instances, these owners are church members?"

For reply, Smith telegraphed to Chicago to learn if any owners of bad resorts were backing the revival, and if so to remove their names from the list.

The king of the brewers, Adolphus Busch, was said to be one of the powerful men behind the movement. Smith struck back hard. His message to the Associated Press was:

"Adolphus Busch is not connected with the Men and Religion Forward Movement in any shape, manner, or form in St. Louis or any place else. If he was, I myself would resign, or else he would."

Don't think that he does not utilize the old methods. He is a successful revivalist, first of all, wise in the manipulation of emotions. A few weeks ago at Grand Rapids, with a quartet singing soft music, he called his audience to the test:

"Now, all you who can say: 'I have personally accepted Christ and am leading a Christian life,' please rise. Fine! Glorious! Fine!"

But the revival is a lot more than that. Before letting loose on the nation, Smith took his Battalion to a big deserted summer hotel and made each of them rehearse his speeches. Some of them were five-minute and some seven-minute speeches. None of them could overlap—all of them had to move. He trained them into a full diversified speedy program, just as a vaudeville manager arranges his lady bicyclists, singers, and cloggers, so as to give variety and motion to the evening. And before he goes near a city like St. Louis, where his forces

have just been focusing their enthusiasm, he finds out what sort of place he is getting mixed up with.

His tactics are simple and startling. Getting the facts is the first move. He makes a study with twelve blanks and twelve hundred questions. He creates a local committee of one hundred. The town is pledged to reproduce the results of its change of heart in surrounding cities and towns. At Cedar Rapids, one hundred and ten other towns were represented at the meetings. A census is taken by a house-to-house canvass. In Detroit, several thousand men and women were set to work to gather the statistics on church affiliations. In cities like Chicago and Philadelphia he has placed between 20,000 and 30,000 persons at work simultaneously gathering facts. On one afternoon in Chicago nearly 2,000,000 persons were visited by the census takers. Nearly 1,000,000 who were not affiliated with any church, but who expressed a preference for some religious organization, were reported to the church or the Sunday school of their choice. In all, more than 14,000,000 have been visited by the Movement. Some of these are the nomadic Christians—spiritual waifs—who drift from church to church, tasting clever sermons and gliding with each new movement. The revival aims to tie them into an organization, and to convert their wanderlust into civic betterment.

Eight Days of Mass Meetings

SO THE Battalion on its arrival knows, maybe, that \$3 a week is paid to the shopgirls, that only 9 per cent of the men attend church, that there are 32 saloons and 32 churches, 15 labor unions, 9 moving picture shows, that there are 239 automobiles and 917 telephones in the town.

Now come the eight days of mass meetings, conventions, and, best of all, the institutes, conferences and banquets on each item of the campaign—Evangelism (church services), boys' work, social service, Bible study, home and foreign missions. These are meetings for study where the exact way to go to work for the year is outlined. About 243 meetings are held in the eight days.

"The past eight days we have been going to school," said a Detroit man. "Now we are to start out and put into practice what we have learned."

Then the city that has been visited proceeds to duplicate the campaign in anywhere from ten to fifty smaller towns, and, through the year, it puts into action in its own population the lessons it has learned from the experts. The "conservation expert" visits the city a few weeks after the revival to see whether the "converts" have made good, and to stimulate the lagging brothers.

The idea in back of Smith's head, which drives him headlong at city after city, and keeps him happy and rubicund after a quarter century of effort, is his desire to deepen the spiritual life of the country, and to have that express itself in good works—a spirit of kindness, enthusiasm in church work, helping boys into healthful manhood, and an effort to improve conditions for those who suffer.

The novelties in Smith's revival are the emphasis on social service and the boys' work.

I recently went through several thousand clippings from newspapers which dealt with the revival. Perhaps three-fourths of them told, in a brisk, newsy item, some story of social service or of some episode in the campaign for boys.

Smith says: "It's suicide, if we don't go the limit this time on social betterment and the industrial situation. If the churches don't prove their sincerity and fearlessness on industrial wrongs this time, the door will never again be open to them. It is folly, suicidal folly, to hold back. If necessary, we'll get out into the middle of the street to preach. I realize that there's a price to pay."

To two of his speakers, labor sympathizers, Charles Stelzle and Raymond Robins, he said:

"You fellows are holding back. Why don't you go the limit? There are no hobbles on you. There are no danger points in this movement where you have to soft pedal."

"I don't want to spill the milk," replied Robins. "This is the platform I have been waiting for through ten years. I don't want to do anything foolish to lose the public."

Raymond Robins is the man who two years ago spoke on the steps of the boss's office to striking workmen in a Middle Western town. He told them to go hungry and keep the strike up for three months, if need be, to beat the boss. The boss was seated just back of Robins inside the office. "The first man that drops out and goes back as a scab is a yellow dog," said Robins. The men won their strike.

Recently, while the revival was seething near the town, Robins and the boss had dinner together. The boss said to a friend: "You see Robins was right."

It was in South Bend recently that opposition was

made to the coming of Robins, the radical. But come he did, and by the time of his advent interest to meet and hear him at dinner was so great that no public hall could hold the throng. So Studebaker threw open his plant for the banquet, and down the great central alley the guests were ranged, while Robins showed his mastery of Chicago Seventeenth Ward slang and pure English.

Stelzle in talking to the Grand Rapids people said: "These social problems require more than evangelism. It is not only necessary to bring Jesus Christ to the work-



The Campaign Will Encompass the Big Cities of Two Countries

The battalions of the revivalists will invade during the season nearly a hundred cities of the United States and Canada, sweeping from coast to coast

ingman, but to the other fellow. Let the capitalist get in on the deal."

The path of the revival is dotted with Social Conversions. For, in addition to winning people to "accept Christ," the movement is inducing employers of labor to give better treatment to employees, freeing class-conscious workmen from bitterness, and bringing all hands together in the job of rescuing boys.

The city of Columbus, Ohio, had been having a nasty street-car strike, with bad feeling all around. Some of the men roaming the streets had devised a murderous chant, which they sang when an automobile went past them. It had words telling how "We'll pull you out and climb in ourselves."

Raymond Robins went for them in a labor meeting. "You fellows are as yellow as the others whom you're fighting," he said, "when you go around singing stuff

The owner of one branch of a great food trust lowered the price and increased the size of the loaf of bread he was selling.

The owner of a brick industry went out from the social service talks and ripped the roof off his long, dark plant, and put in a glass roof, so that the day's work can be done without damaging eyesight. And he has begun on a restaurant, so that the girls can eat in a decent place, instead of in the center of smoke and dirt.

One effect of the revival in each of the towns has been to double the attendance of men and boys in Bible-study groups. Another has been to win new church members, and to regain old-timers who had become backsliders. In South Bend a number of men gave a promise that they would "win one other man to Christ" between the time of the revival and this present week. A young Y. M. C. A. worker was told that a class of one hundred men and boys would form itself if he would take it. In each of the towns "under conviction" a change has been wrought in the personal life of one and another—gains in unselfishness, in seriousness of purpose, in direction of effort. Washington Gladden characterizes the meetings as "light and power, no noise."

The Gospel of Usefulness

A YOUNG business man said that the revival had made him feel like a piece of luggage in the steamer's hold marked: "Not Wanted on Voyage."

"I'm going to rip that label off," he said; "I've found my job."

By its wise fundamental work for boys, the revival has won all sorts of persons, unmoved by appeals to salvation, and uninterested in the clash between capital and labor. By accenting the value of athletics and outdoor sports, Sunday schools are being built up which had grown chilly and deserted on routine lesson pamphlets. Here is the line of talk that wins recruits:

"If you can't put up a big boys' club, use the church. Use the building you've already got. If the boys won't come to Sunday school, take them into the woods each Sunday for a day's outing. Then, after a good feed, when you're sitting around the fire, talk with them. Take Christianity out of cold storage. There's a wonderful energy in the spirit of American manhood. It only needs to be directed. It is ready to turn from gain. We want the boys."

And recently in Trenton, four hundred boys under eighteen years of age held a meeting to decide how they could further the revival.

"The women have had charge of the church work long enough," was their sentiment, too.

To make the boys' work hum, the movement lifted over the General Secretary of the Boy Scouts of America. An excellent book on sex hygiene called "From Youth into Manhood" is given to the boys. A boy specialist is assigned to the work in each city.

An elderly resident of Minneapolis, with more money to spend than he has years to live, went down into the heart of his city and started a boys' club, building and all. "I had to," he stated.

One of the Movement men said:

"This is splendid, but it is only for the few years of your life, and then the work is ended."

The next day the convert came to the expert and said:

"Don't worry. I've endowed it."

To every household in South Bend, Indiana, a pamphlet by a wise physician has been distributed, telling parents how to instruct children in sex hygiene.

Such are a few of the results of this nation-wide, modern revival—so novel in its preliminary work, its type of conversions, its quiet educational meetings, its follow-up work.

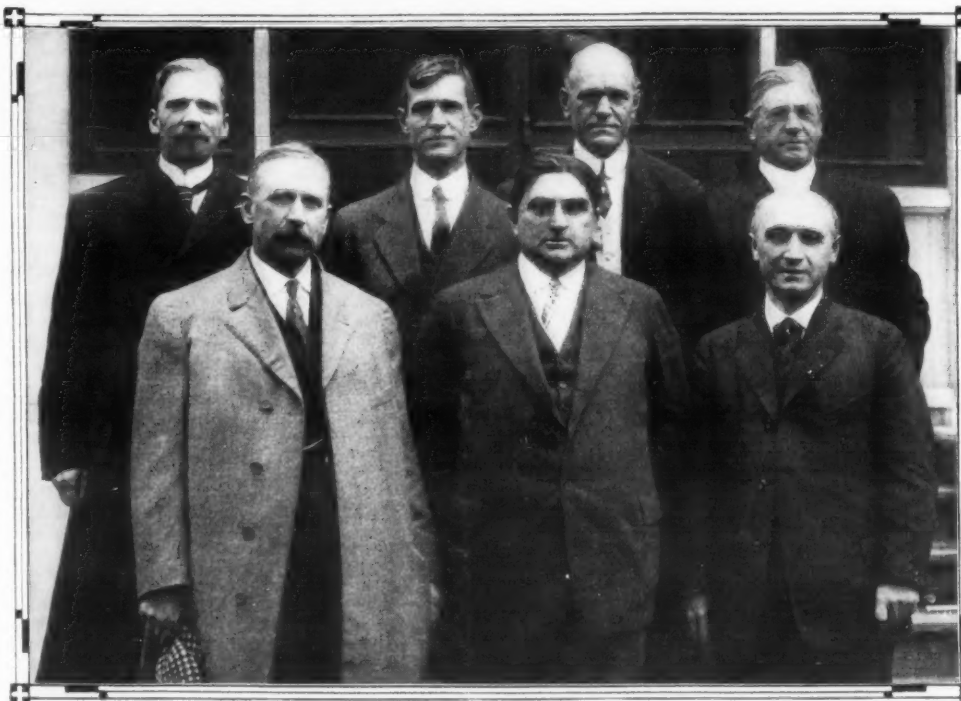
The old-time revival was quite otherwise, but for more than a century it, too, served its purpose and brought new life at higher levels into sagging communities.

Smith and his men were familiar with the old-time revival. They saw the value of its immense notoriety, its hold on the community, its grip on emotions. They decided to take over the elements in it that were permanent, but to go on and adapt them to the new age. Here is the way the old-time revival looked to them, with its genius for sensation, its passion for humanity, and its limitations:

After the sweet, far-carrying voice of a natural-born singer had melted all hearts with the hymn about the lost sheep that had strayed from the ransomed, the evangelist asked each man to stand up who would accept Christ. One here and one there would bob up, and then by twos and threes.

"There's another, and still another, and now one more. Praise God. Bless you, brother. He's waiting for you. And now while you're standing, we'll sing 'Tell me the old, old story' and the ushers will get your names."

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Team Number One of the Battalion of Thirty

Fred B. Smith is the central figure of the lower three. At his right (the reader's left) is F. S. Goodman (in charge of Bible study); on his left is Charles Stelzle (in charge of social service work). In the upper row, left to right, are H. F. Schwartz, R. A. Waite, W. C. Biederwolf, and A. M. Bruner, each having special duties

like that. Swapping occupants in a motor car isn't going to help things."

In a charming garden city of Iowa, the word of the prophets came home with such force and winsomeness that the owner of a packing house went out from the meeting full of fresh resolves, and the next day he called his superintendents together and said:

"Find out what's wrong in your department. Get the ideas of the men."

Some of the Good Works

THEN he instituted a complaint box to which he retained the only key, and gave instructions that any man in the shop should feel free to drop in his suggestion or kick, and that he would himself consider it.

Scorching Through Georgia

Amid Sounds of Motor-Musketry an Auto-Racing Army Takes Possession of Savannah

By JULIAN STREET



Starter Fred Wagner

THE lobby of that spacious and usually somnolent hotel which has been for many years the strategic center of Savannah was filled with a typical automobile race crowd when I arrived and jostled my way to the desk a week before the Grand Prize race.

City officials, race officials, team managers, automobile agents, race drivers, bookmakers, mechanics, tire and oil men, automobile accessory dealers, reporters—the heterogeneous advance guard of the Speed God—were already there in force, arguing, betting, debating, wearing out the marble floors with their heels and the nights with their discussions.

You would never mistake the automobile race vanguard for a congress of cotillion leaders. Fifty per cent of it wears a cloth cap, twenty-five per cent needs a shave, ninety per cent carries, at its lapel or on its cap, a button advertising one of the competing cars, and one hundred per cent of it ought to send its clothes out to be pressed. It is a busy, energetic, enthusiastic crowd, made up, you think at first, entirely of men. But presently, in the carpeted rotunda, you come upon a group of race drivers' wives, who send the general average of appearance flying up like a thermometer dipping in boiling water. For race drivers—like soldiers, sailors, and others following occupations spectacular and picturesque—have an undeniable faculty for attracting fascinating femininity. And, having attracted it, they spend—to judge from appearances—a generous portion of their prize money on trimmings for it. They make good husbands and young widows.

Upstairs the hotel corridors, sun parlors, and bedrooms were lined, like an emergency hospital, with cots, for which trains, steamers, and motor cars were hourly bringing occupants.

A steamer load, a special trainload, and several private cars full came from New York, aside from those brought by the regular trains. There were other special trains from New Orleans, Jacksonville, and elsewhere. Sixty automobiles arrived in one afternoon from Atlanta, one hundred from Augusta, and many more from Macon, Brunswick, Jacksonville, and cities within motoring distance.

From good-looking, young Acting Governor Shaden down, the whole State turned out to make a Southern holiday—to see a little Southern city beat the "Yankees" (we are no longer "d—n Yankees," I surmise, from the way we were treated) at the racing game. It was not merely a great occasion for the city of Savannah, but for the "State of Joja, suh."

The road-racing meet, which culminated with the running of the Grand Prize Race of the Automobile Club of America last Thanksgiving Day, was the third assembly of the kind in the Southern city. The original Grand Prize was run there in 1908; the second in 1910. Each was the premier American road-racing event of the season. And so it was, again, with this year's Grand Prize race.

Not the least remarkable feature of the Savannah meets has been the fact that a mellow Southern city, nearly two hundred years old, with a population of 70,000, of which but one-half is white, has chosen such a clever modern way of advertising herself. No less remarkable is the fact that she has carried off first racing honors so completely. The Grand Prize race is the undisputed blue ribbon of American automobilism, but that

did not satisfy Savannah. This year, if you please, the little city annexed the classic Vanderbilt Cup race, taking it for the first time away from New York, and running it as a minor attraction!

New York deserved to lose the Vanderbilt. She ran it six times, and each time there were serious accidents due to the crowding of spectators upon the course. In Philadelphia, racing has been better handled. There, by spreading a wall of three thousand policemen over the eight-mile Fairmount Park circuit, the crowd has been held back. At Elgin, near Chicago, at Santa Monica, near Los Angeles, and elsewhere, courses have been kept clear. But these contests have had large cities to draw on.

Public spirit did it—a public spirit that is amazing to a person coming from New York, where individualism is the order of the day, where arrogance takes the place of municipal pride, where we have neither home life nor homemade bread, where we do not know our neighbors' names, nor care who may be entering the world or leaving it (unless they are in the next apartment and make too much noise about it).

No money could have made a better course. The seventeen-mile circuit of Chatham County highway was prepared long in advance by negro convict labor. Up to the last moment gangs of black men, in stripes and chains, chaparroned by serious-looking gentlemen with shotguns and revolvers, might be seen putting the last touches to the fine oiled road. Convict labor is doing much for good roads in the South, generally

the ball on the morning of Monday, November 27. For the Fiedeman Trophy, presented by the Mayor of Savannah, there were six contestants—two Abbott-Detroits, three E-M-F's, and one Ford. The race covered ten laps, or a distance of 171.40 miles. The three E-M-F cars made a clean sweep, finishing first, second, and third, Frank Witt, the winning driver, having averaged 58.44 miles per hour for the entire distance.

The race for the Savannah Trophy covered thirteen laps, a distance of 222.83 miles. There were seven entrants—two Marmons, two Cases, and three Mercers. Hugh Hughes, in a Mercer, won, averaging 68.35 miles per hour. Six minutes behind Hughes came Heineman, in a Marmon, leaving third position to Barnes, in a second Mercer.

The Vanderbilt Cup Race

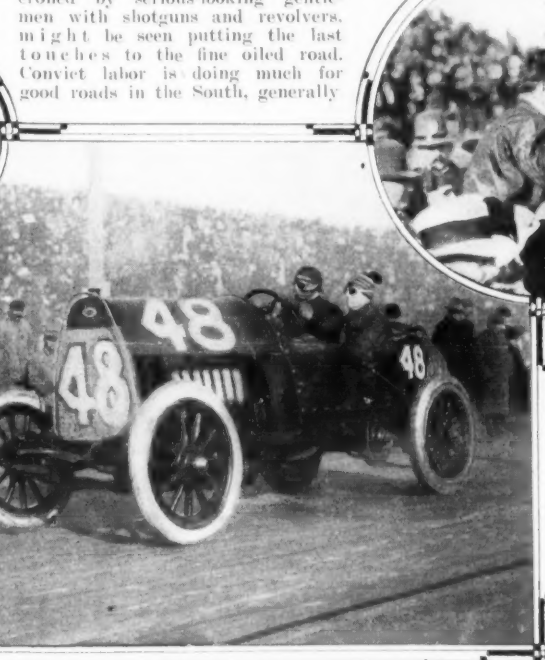
THE real interest of the day centered in the race for the Vanderbilt Cup, which started shortly before noon. Of fourteen cars entered, five were of foreign make, these being three Fiats and two Mercedes cars. The nine American cars represented six American makers—two Loziers, two Marmons, two Abbott-Detroits, one Pope, one Jackson, and one Mercer. The distance was 291.38 miles, or seventeen laps of the Savannah circuit.

For the first three laps De Palma, in a Mercedes, led, followed in order by Patchke, in a Marmon; Wishart, in a Mercedes; and Mulford, in a Lozier. In the fourth lap Patchke dropped back, bringing Wishart's Mercedes and Mulford's Lozier, into second and third places, respectively. In the fifth lap De Palma lost his lead and Wishart dropped back, putting Mulford's Lozier in first place. From this point on Mulford never lost his lead. In the sixth lap De Palma gave second place to Burman's Marmon. When Burman dropped out of the race in the eighth lap, Wishart's Mercedes came up to second place, with De Palma running a close third. In the eleventh lap,

however, De Palma piloted his car into second position, and for the remainder of the race held it there. Harry Grant, winner of the two previous Vanderbilt Cup contests, came into third place with his Lozier car in the eleventh lap, but lost his position to Wishart in the fourteenth lap. For the four final laps the cars maintained the positions in which they finished: Ralph Mulford, Lozier, first; Ralph de Palma, Mercedes, second; Spencer Wishart, Mercedes, third; Harry Grant, Lozier, fourth; E. H. Parker, Fiat, fifth; L. Disbrow, Pope, sixth. None of the other eight cars were running. The performances of Mulford and his Lozier, splendid as they were, proved somewhat too regular to be exciting.

Mulford's average time for the Vanderbilt was 74.07 miles per hour, a new record for the race, but not a world's road-racing record. The best previous record for the Vanderbilt was made on Long Island, last year, by Grant, driving an Alco car at the average rate of 65.18 miles per hour, or about 9 miles per hour less than Mulford's average. The world's record for speed in a long-distance road race was held for some years by Nazzaro, the great Italian driver, who, in the Florio Cup race of 1908, averaged 74.30 miles per hour for a distance of 328 miles. Last year this world's record was surpassed by Herick, in a National, who made, at Santa Monica, California, an average speed of 74.62 miles per hour for a distance of 202 miles. In comparing these two records, however, it must be taken into consideration that Nazzaro's distance was 126 miles longer than Herick's.

It is estimated that in the Vanderbilt race Mulford's Lozier broke the Santa Monica record, which, however, still stands as official, there having been no timing post set at Savannah to catch cars at the 202-mile point.



Bruce-Brown's Fiat Wins the Grand Prize Race

Bruce-Brown at the upper right is being carried on the shoulders of friends. At the left Mulford is smiling with joy at winning the Vanderbilt Cup with his Lozier

For picturesqueness the Savannah circuit is famous. It is lined, almost completely, with a heavy semitropical growth of trees and underbrush—feathery Georgia pines, magnolias, palmettos, and live oaks, whose great spreading branches, dangling soft draperies of Spanish moss above the roadway, form a series of cavernous green vistas which even the writer of a railway folder might call "indescribable."

Besides the occasional negro cabins and old Southern homesteads dotted at intervals about the circuit, the road and its tributary highways were sprinkled with the camps of various contestants. The Lozier and Fiat camps were at Thunderbolt, convenient to Mrs. Bannon's celebrated fish-dinner establishment, and others were scattered here and there in farmhouses or road houses.

Two light-car races, run off simultaneously, opened



I Was Engaged with Agreeable Estimates Concerning Southern Pulchritude in the Grand Stand

It averaged very high. The rows of boxes at the front of the stand gave startling and delightful evidence that all I had heard about Southern beauty was true

During the running of the Vanderbilt race an aeroplane circled above the grand stand. Next day—one of the three idle days between the Vanderbilt and Grand Prize races—a flying meet was held. It was very lightly attended, a football game on the day following drawing a much larger crowd. Automobile racing men were not slow to point a moral to the failure of the aero exhibition. Flying, they say, will never draw the crowds or share the public popularity of motor racing. Aeroplanes are fascinating only when seen for the first time, and then for but a few minutes. An audience watching them in flight sees, for the most part, mere specks floating in the sky. Wonderful? To be sure. But lacking the excitement of a hotly contested motor race.

Naturally, the greatest interest in the race meet centered in the contest of the big cars on Thanksgiving Day for the \$5,000 Grand Prize Gold Cup of the Automobile Club of America. The qualifications for entrants in the three preceding races had to do with limited piston displacement, but the Grand Prize race is practically a free-for-all. Aside from the cup, which is merely held by the winner until he loses it to some one else, there were money prizes—\$4,000 to the winner, \$2,000 for second place, \$1,000 for third, and \$500 for fourth. Manufacturers of certain tires, oils, magnetos, etc., also offered prizes to victorious cars using their brand of equipment, raising the cash gains of the winner to \$7,000 or \$8,000.

Sixteen cars—eight American, eight foreign—were entered in the race, formidable among them being three powerful Benz racers, three high-power Fiats, and two swift Mercedes cars. Among the drivers, Victor Hemery, the veteran French racing man, was favorite. Hemery, in a Benz, made a sensational second in each of the former Grand Prize races, losing first place to Louis Wagner in 1908 by only 56 seconds, and to David Bruce-Brown in 1910 by the unheard-of margin of 1.42 seconds. Now it seemed to be his turn to win. Wagner, celebrated driver and first Grand Prize winner, also came from France to drive a Fiat. Hemery's companions on the Benz team were Eddie Hearne and Edward Bergdoll, both recruits from the ranks of wealthy amateurs. Caleb Bragg and David Bruce-Brown, who with Wagner made up the Fiat trio, are also former amateurs, driving for the sport of it. Another race driver of this type is Spencer Wishart, who drove a Mercedes machine. For the rest, such well-known pilots as Ralph de Palma, Louis Disbrow, Cyrus Patchke, Bob Burman, and Ralph Mulford were slated to take part. Eight of the contesting cars, among them Mulford's Lozier, had run in the race for the Vanderbilt Cup, and were therefore of considerably smaller cylinder displacement than the juggernauts of the first magnitude, such as the Benz and Fiat entries.

Four hundred carloads of excursionists helped to pack

the grand stands for the big event. Every seat was taken save those in the section of the stand reserved for negroes, which was noticeably vacant. Mr. Robert Lee Morrell, referee, who made the circuit of the course just before the race, estimated that 175,000 persons witnessed the contest. For my part, I was not so much engaged with these grand totals as with agreeable estimates concerning Southern plebeity in the grand stand. It averaged very high.

Starter Fred Wagner, in the checked costume, leather puttees, and fifteenth-century automobile cap, without which he would scarcely be recognized by those who follow motor racing, sent away his namesake, Louis Wagner, first, and the others after him at thirty-second intervals. Hemery's big Benz was the last car to go, and the audience gave it a great cheer as it barked and leaped away. If furious driving could secure the cup, Hemery meant to have it this time. But the chunky, curly-headed Frenchman was not destined to succeed. After two hot-fought laps, in which the three Fiats, Caleb Bragg ahead, led him, Hemery dropped out of the

capacity, his time for each lap between his third and eighth not varying by more than two or three seconds. In the ninth lap he went out with engine trouble, giving first place again to Hearne, who was following him closely. Hearne held his position gamely for eleven laps, followed, in second place, now by Bruce-Brown's Fiat, now by Wagner's, now by De Palma's Mercedes, now by Mulford's Vanderbilt-Cup-winning Lozier.

In the fourth lap Wagner hit a tree on the back stretch and deranged his steering gear, narrowly escaping a serious accident. The impact sent his mechanic flying from the seat, but Wagner let go his steering wheel and snatched him back "out of the air," as an admiring pit assistant said.

The pace, during the first half of the race, was terrific. Tires were burned to pieces. At the end of the twelfth lap Hearne had averaged 76.02 miles per hour for a distance of 205 miles. There is absolutely no doubt, therefore, that Hearne smashed the Santa Monica world's road-racing record into bits, but again, as in the Vanderbilt, there was not a timing post

at the 202-mile point, and Hearne's time is not official.

Much interest centered in the seventeenth lap, when it would be seen whether or not Mulford's record for the Vanderbilt distance (291 miles) was to be beaten. Hearne's time at this point in the race proved to be a little less than two minutes better, while Mulford, in second place, beat his own Vanderbilt time (made in the same car) by about fifteen seconds.

At the end of the nineteenth lap Mulford had crept up to within fifteen seconds of Hearne. There was wild enthusiasm in the stand, for a double Lozier victory looked possible, though Bruce-Brown's Fiat was but twenty-eight seconds back of Mulford. Bruce-Brown is popular in Savannah through having won the Grand Prize race last year.

In the twentieth lap Hearne lost his lead, but not to the clever Lozier driver. It was Bruce-Brown who now came around in first position. The twenty-first and twenty-second laps developed a gruelling fight between Bruce-Brown, Hearne, and Mulford. In the twenty-third lap, within but one circuit of the end of the race, ill fortune struck Mulford's Lozier. It retired from the race with a broken driving dog in one rear wheel, putting De Palma's Mercedes in third place. Thenceforward the positions did not change. Bruce-Brown finished the twenty-fourth, or final, lap a victor in his Fiat. Hearne was second with his Benz; De Palma, Mercedes, third; Caleb Bragg, Fiat, fourth; Disbrow, Pope-Hartford, fifth; the last being the only American car to actually finish. Two Abbott-Detroits—still running doggedly, but far behind—were flagged.

It was Bruce-Brown's second Grand Prize victory, although it was with a Benz, not a Fiat, that he took the cup in 1910. His final rush across the electric timing wire brought the grand stand to its feet, cheering

(Concluded on page 23)



When the Winning Cars Lined Up Before the Stand

The camera men scrambled over them like beetles, standing on radiators, wheels, axles, and bonnets, to snapshot the victorious drivers. The seventeen-mile circuit was prepared and kept in condition by negro convict labor

contest with valve trouble. His only glory for the day came later, when, having repaired the recalcitrant valve, he made a record lap at an average speed of about eighty-three miles per hour. In his determination to clinch at least this honor, he not only ran off the road twice, but came very near upsetting on the turn below the grand stand.

At the end of the third lap, Caleb Bragg in one Fiat led Bruce-Brown in another by a margin of only one second. De Palma, in his Mercedes, snatched the lead from Bragg in the fourth lap, while in the fifth, Hearne, the slender young Chicagoan, forged ahead in his Benz, holding first place until the seventh lap, when Patchke, in his Marmon, led the field. Patchke continued to lead in the eighth lap. He was driving his car to its utmost

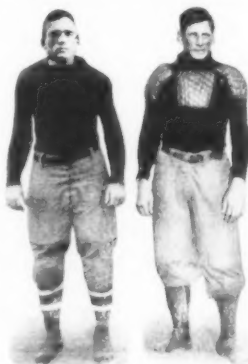
The All-Western Football Team of 1911

No Great Star Was Developed During the Season, and the Form of the Elevens Was Erratic

By E. C. PATTERSON

WITH practically every college faculty looking for flaws in the rules and methods, football in the West in the past season was put to a test which it may or may not survive. As a consequence, it cannot be said that the game in this great central territory had a successful season, judged either from the style of play shown or from the material developed. The game, perhaps, was good enough, but it did not escape criticism either from its friends or its enemies. It was not "advanced football" in any sense of the word; it did not bring out anything startlingly new nor did any individual star set the grand stands afire. There were, of course, as is the case every season, spasms of great football, such as, for instance, Minnesota's play against Chicago and the Chicago-Wisconsin game. These were, however, the exceptions to the generally erratic form of the majority of the elevens.

As a matter of fact, football in the Western colleges is still under probation. There is no guarantee but that the faculties in their just or unjust wrath are not likely to rise up any moment and wipe the game, as now played, off the map. This, undoubtedly, had a deterrent effect on the players, as not alone faculty opposition, or rather toleration, but also family objections put brakes on the full development of the game. This is not intended as a criticism on either faculty opinions or parental solic-



Gillette Wisconsin Quarter Back
Rosenwald Minnesota Half Back

THE ALL-WESTERN TEAM			
End	Wells	Michigan	
Tackle	Rademacher	Chicago	
Guard	Smith	Minnesota	
Center	Morrell	Minnesota	
Guard	Scruby	Chicago	
Tackle	Buser	Wisconsin	
End	Capron	Minnesota	
Quarter Back	Gillette	Wisconsin	
Half Back	Rosenwald	Minnesota	
Half Back	Sauer	Chicago	
Full Back	Thomson	Michigan	

tude, but is simply intended to state the facts as they are. Moreover, the game as played to-day, in the opinion of nine persons out of ten who are interested enough to pass an opinion, must be changed radically to make it of interest to spectators. There was no question that the rules were lived up to on Western gridirons, especially by the players.

This was hardly so with the officials, and in many cases a great deal of slack work was noticed, and in others the rules were interpreted so literally that they took the edge off the game. A case in point was the Michigan-Pennsylvania game at Ann Arbor. The rules are, of course, explicit in prohibiting any player on the offense from aiding the man with the ball. This literal interpretation cost Pennsylvania a fair chance to defeat Michigan, as a touchdown would undoubtedly have been given the Quakers had not a player inadvertently touched the runner on the shoulder as the ball was carried across the goal line—and not a Michigan player within ten yards. The enforcement of the rule was undoubtedly correct, but it was plainly a case where there was no

intention of the offensive side to help the man with the ball. Many critics have already seen the absurdity in the rule prohibiting any player from assisting the man with the ball. It is indeed absurd, unsafe, and unfair to have a rule that makes it impossible for any player to assist the man with the ball when he is apt to be met by from two to eleven men on the defense.

A general observance of the rule governing the flying tackle was mainly responsible for the agreeable fact that there were no serious injuries or fatalities. Professionalism in the form of summer baseball cropped out during the season, but only one pronounced case came to the surface, that of Earl Pickering of Minnesota. This was one of the most flagrant cases brought to the attention of the Conference College authorities in a long time. Here was a case where it seemed impossible for

the authorities of the school to which the player belonged to plead ignorance, as practically everyone who followed college athletics at all seemed to be cognizant of the player's action during the summer season. It was proved by the University of Wisconsin authorities, as much as a case of the kind can be, that Pickering was a regular member of a professional team in a regularly



Sauer Chicago Half Back
Thomson Michigan Full Back

organized baseball league. Minnesota's attention had been brought to the case in the fall of 1910, but the player was allowed to continue on the team. Finally proofs so overwhelming were forthcoming that Pickering had played on and received a salary from the Milbank, South Dakota, team that the Minnesota faculty withdrew him from the game and afterward declared him ineligible. Pickering had misrepresented the facts to the Minnesota faculty. Minnesota, in turn, declared that several of the Wisconsin football players were ineligible on account of summer baseball. It was a much-discussed question at the meeting of the Conference in Chicago on December 2 as to whether or not summer baseball should be allowed, and the matter has not yet been decided.

With the elimination of Pickering from the amateur ranks disappeared the best full back in the West and, possibly, in the country. Pickering was captain of the Minnesota eleven, and as such made a brilliant showing before he was declared ineligible. He was withdrawn just

Wells
Michigan
EndRademacher
Chicago
TackleSmith
Minnesota
GuardMorre
Minnesota
CenterScruby
Chicago
Guard

before the Wisconsin game. There is no doubt that Pickering possessed the form which would have entitled him to the position on Walter Camp's All-America Eleven.

Excepting his team mate, Rosenwald, and Wells of Michigan, Pickering stood head and shoulders above any player in the West, and was practically the only shining light on the Western gridiron. There was a fair supply of other good men, but none who shone so brilliantly in every department of the game.

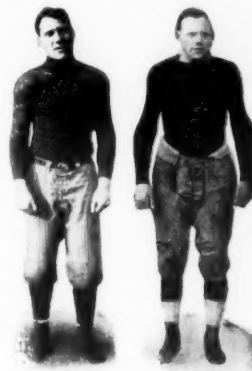
In certain positions there was a lamentable scarcity of good men for an All-Western eleven, notably in the

matter of ends. It is true that there was Wells of Michigan, All-America end last year, but as the exigencies of the case put him in the back field of Yost's team, he was not credited to an end position while the season was on. A large number of good tackles and some star guards made their appearance, however, as the season progressed. There were also a number of good quarter backs, but hardly up to the standard of former years.

At end there were several who showed flashes of championship form now and then, such as Tobin of Minnesota, Oliver of Illinois, Kassulker of Chicago, and Hoefel of Wisconsin. In Wells of Michigan the Western territory had a great player, and the fact that he had played half back the greater part of the year should not detract from the selection, as Wells is a natural end rusher. He has everything a good football player should have—speed, size, strength, and, above all, a good head.

It has been explained that the season produced little that was startling. An exception was supplied by Ralph Capron of Minnesota. This player,

(Continued on page 23)

Buser
Wisconsin
TackleCapron
Minnesota
End

The Breed

Jim Wright Returns to the Mountains to Finish His Father's Feud

By IRVING CRUMP

HE STOOD before the breast-high type case, in the dusty printing office, and his hand worked rapidly from one small hole to another picking up the tiny lead pieces and mechanically twirling them right side up as he inserted them in the stick in his left hand.

The dull red rays of the afternoon sun shot through the unclean window full on his sharply featured face and wavy black hair. He was composing as he set the type, and occasionally his right hand would be checked in its mad flight across the cases and stay suspended in mid-air while his brain groped for a necessary word. It was an editorial for the "Cordole Call," and the paragraphs that grew as his hand traveled back and forth from case to stick read:

THE BREED

One of the most notorious citizens of this county was seen in the streets of Cordole on Monday as drunk as a beast. Not that it was a strange sight, for it is exceptional when old Dan Fuller is seen sober. He never visits town without becoming so tight that he has to depend on the instincts of his yoke of black oxen to reach his cabin in Woodland Gap. These faithful creatures have more than once taken their brute-like master home in an unconscious state.

But there never was a Fuller in these mountains who ever was able to draw a sober breath from the time he was able to walk, and old Dan is no worse than the rest of his family. It is a characteristic of the BREED.

We know that, drunkard as old Fuller is, he will resent this, and we expect he will shoot on sight. That is just what we want. We, too, will pack a gun, and when the meeting happens either the Fullers or the Wrights will be obliterated forever.

JAMES T. WRIGHT, JR.

On a little hand press in the corner of the room he pulled a proof of his masterpiece, and his dark eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he read it over in an undertone. Crude as it was, this editorial meant a great deal to the sharp-featured man and a great deal more to the people of the mountains. It was the potent influence that was to revive a feud for more than two decades dead to the natives of Horse Mountains. The feud was history to them and unknown to the younger generation except from hearsay, and hearsay knowledge on that subject was meager. It was rarely brought up as a topic of conversation among the mountaineers.

The war that had wiped out practically all of the blood relations of both the Wright and the Fuller families had been one of the cruelest in the history of the feudal district. For ten years before the Civil War it raged, and nightly Death walked with measured step and regularly up one range and down another. Sanguinary encounters and murderous ambushes characterized it as the bloodiest feud in the history of the State.

Long-barreled squirrel guns, old-fashioned flintlocks, the pistol and the knife did their work so effectively that after ten years of murder both families were reduced to single combatants. Old Dan Fuller, then a man of fifty, with ponderous frame, sharp black eyes and a wealth of gray hair, had always been the wildest of his clan and their leader. His far-shooting squirrel gun had brought him through the worst of the war unscathed. He alone survived to carry out the Fuller end of an argument that had started originally between his brother Jed and Joel Wright over the question as to who should pay for a jug of moonshine at a mountain still.

JOEL WRIGHT had been the first to yield his life in the terrible mountain war, and with the chivalry and clannishness of their kind every man, woman, and child in the mountains through whose veins a drop of

Wright blood coursed had followed him to eternity until Jim Wright, a cousin to Joel, and his seven-year-old son, Jim, Jr., survived.

Then began a deadly game of hide and seek between the sole survivors. Day after day the two men roamed through the mountains seeking a single opportunity for a shot that would end the feud forever.

For two weeks they trailed each other and played at the deadly game until one morning Wright, in a rendezvous on Slow Mountain, got word that the sheriff and several deputies were waiting for him at his cabin, and that a posse was searching the mountains for both him and Fuller.

He thought of his son, but for personal safety he dared not return to his home. But a boy of seven, with friends in the mountains and friends in Cordole, the settlement ten miles down Stone River valley, need not starve to death, so Wright was satisfied that no harm would come to his offspring. That very hour he left Horse Mountains. Day and night he journeyed through the rough mountainous country depending on his rifle for food and on the woods for shelter. A week of travel brought him to the foothills. Below him, stretching toward the sunrise, was the broad level lowlands of the Atlantic slope. He knew that he was in North Carolina from the course that he had traveled.

Weeks before he had started hunting Fuller, he had heard of the declaration of war and the call for troops for the defense of the Confederacy. Some of the people of the mountains had enlisted. Wright thought that the army was the safest place for him until the trouble in the hills had blown over. Then he would return and settle the feud forever.

On the highways leading toward the coast he met men and boys obeying the call from Richmond. They were all mountaineers from Kentucky and Tennessee bent on joining regiments being organized in the Carolinas. He shaped his course in their direction.

Dan Fuller was in his cabin on Blue Mountain when the posse came for him. In spite of the deputies' attempts to muffle the feet of their horses the mountaineer's sharp ears heard them coming up the trail. He slipped out of his cabin by a back door, leaving the light still burning.

From an ambush within thirty feet of his cabin he watched the men surround the log structure. One of the party stood so close to his hiding place that he could have touched him with the muzzle of his rifle. He heard them call to him to come out and give himself up. Finally he saw them rush the door, and he waited no longer. Like a shadow he melted into the darkness of the woods, and as silently as a panther he made his way across the mountain.

LITTLE JIM WRIGHT was whittling a drop stick for a rabbit snare in the cabin door when the sheriff and his deputies approached to arrest his father.

"Where's yo'r pap?" asked the sheriff.

"Gone t' git ol' Fuller's scalp," he laconically replied.

"When's he acomin' back?"

"When he gits it, I reckon," was all that the boy would say.

For three days the men kept watch on the cabin. They kept watch on the boy, too, to see that he did not warn his father, but if the boy knew this he gave no signs. He cooked his own meals and meals for the deputies besides.

Growing tired of their hunt, one by one the deputies who had been scouring the mountains for the warring men came out the woods to the Wright cabin.

"I reckon yo'r pap has skipped out," said the sheriff

to young Jim as they were getting ready to go back to Cordole. "Hain't yo' agoin' t' come t' town with us?"

"Yo-uns can go. I reckon I'll stay a while," spoke the boy of seven, and stay he did. For nearly two weeks he lived in the cabin on the mountain side waiting for the return of his father. He stayed until the meal was gone from the bag in the corner, and then he began to do a great deal of thinking.

"I reckon he has skipped," he told himself. "Ef hits so an' ol' Fuller is still in the mountains, hits agoin' t' be a mighty onhealthy place fer me. I guess I'll skip, too, 'cause I hain't got no gun."

That was his decision, and in the evening just as the moon began to show its yellow tip above the mountain tops and the night birds began calling he slipped out of the cabin and started for the settlement. He kept well in the shadows along the wagon road in the valley for fear that old Fuller would find him, and it was midnight when he reached the little village.

HE SNATCHED a few hours' sleep in the horse shed in the rear of the general store at Cordole, but before sunrise he was on his way. He knew that old Fuller would not hesitate to shoot him in broad daylight on the main street of the village if he were given the chance, and the mountain boy did not mean to give him such a golden opportunity.

North he traveled until he was well out of the Horse Mountain Range and into another county. Twenty miles he put between himself and Cordole before he thought of stopping.

By pleading and telling a few fibs he induced a valley farmer to take him in as a helper, and for five years he worked hard and earnestly, until he finally became looked upon as a member of the farmer's family.

From time to time news of the great war that was being fought in another part of the State and all through the Southland was brought to him. Once in a while he would meet men from the mountains—men with whom he was not acquainted, but who bore the stamp of the mountaineer. With them he would discuss matters of importance to men of the hills when he met them at the mill in the settlement further north.

One day after the war had been brought to a close and the cause of the Confederacy was acknowledged to be a lost one he met a man from the Horse range. He remembered having seen him in Cordole on several occasions, but could not recall his name.

"Things is agoin' t' be different in them hills now," said his acquaintance as he slung one leg listlessly over the saddle horn and bit a generous piece from a twist of tobacco, his rawboned mare nibbling at the leaves of a low-hanging branch in the meanwhile.

"Ol' Dan Fuller has come back from the war, but Jim Wright hain't, so that puts an end to t' feud between 'em. They do tell as how ol' Fuller murdered Jim Wright when they was in t' same regiment together, enyway he hain't come back, so there can't be no more shootin' there."

The boy's face grew white as the mountaineer told him the news. A light kindled in his black eyes that startled the man from the hills.

"Say, air you Jim Wright's boy?" he queried.

"No I hain't," lied the boy as he gathered up the lines and started toward the mill.

"I reckoned not," said the man from the mountains as he too started his journey back to the hills. "Cause Jim Wright's boy was found dead in the mountains, so they say in Cordole."

THAT night the boy—he was only twelve then—thought long and hard of his father's death. A great lump came in his throat and tears welled in his eyes. His soul was filled with impotent wrath.

"Oh, God," he sobbed, as he lay face downward on his

(Continued on page 25)

The Situation To-Day

By MARK SULLIVAN

IF A PRIMARY ELECTION were held throughout the nation to-day, only two names, Taft and La Follette, would go on the Republican ballots. Of these, La Follette would carry about ten States and two hundred delegates; Taft would carry about thirty-six States and over eight hundred delegates. (With equal certainty Taft would be defeated at the election following by any one the Democrats now seem likely to name.) That is the situation to-day. The truth is, more than half the Republicans don't want either La Follette or Taft. There are but two Republicans who can give the Democrats a fight; one is Hughes, the other Roosevelt—and neither is willing to take the nomination. Very few Republicans, very few indeed, really want Taft; the Insurgents obviously don't want him—some of them want La Follette and more of them want Roosevelt; the Federal machines in the South don't want Taft—they must pick a winner, they lose their jobs if they don't; the powerful party officials, national committeemen, and State chairmen, don't want Taft—they are the party managers, they are responsible for failure or success, and they want a winner; every Republican who is himself going to run for office next year, from Senators, Governors, and Congressmen down to tax collectors, hopes Taft won't be nominated, for if the candidate for President loses, so is the rest of the ticket likely to lose; the great party leaders, like Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts, for example, don't want Taft, for Crane's return to the Senate depends upon Massachusetts going Republican—so he, too, wants a winner. And yet, as things stand to-day, the wheels will turn and slowly grind out Taft. From all of which it is fairly clear that by the 18th of June the pressure on Roosevelt to accept the nomination is going to be pretty powerful. Any person who listened to the Congressmen, national committeemen, and politicians of every degree who gathered at Washington the first of the month, fresh from direct touch with the people in every part of this nation, got a clear impression that seven out of ten voters in every community, Republican and Democratic alike, are Roosevelt men.

The Democratic Situation

FROM Ohio west, four-fifths of the Democratic rank and file are for Wilson. There are some isolated districts which are for Folk, a smaller number for Clark or Harmon, but taking the Middle and Western States as States they are overwhelmingly in favor of Wilson. Of course, to so sweeping a statement there are some exceptions. Illinois, dominated by its single large city, and without Presidential primaries, will probably send a Harmon delegation to the convention. So will Colorado. In the South, Wilson has almost as big a lead as in the West. In New England and the East, Wilson has fully half the Democratic rank and file. If there were nation-wide Presidential primaries, Wilson would have a walkover.

La Follette To-Day

IN THE EAST, La Follette's candidacy has made little headway. Of course there are spots in New England, and even in New York and Pennsylvania, where La Follette Republicans are numerous and ardent, but no observer can point to a State east of Ohio where as yet the La Follette supporters are sufficiently concentrated or organized to insure him a single delegate. This is a pity, but it is a fact. La Follette is suffering the usual fate of pioneers: they rarely gather the fruits of their toil. The shock of new ideas, the distrust that attaches to one who preaches against old dogmas and usages, remains long after the idea itself has become an accepted commonplace. This curious fact exists: *there are communities where Woodrow Wilson commands five-sixths of the Democratic vote, but La Follette does not command one-third of the Republican vote.* That is to say, the personal following of the pioneer is smaller than the number who have embraced his ideas. Wilson is one of those who are reaping the crop where La Follette has sowed the seed. (And Wilson was writing books and delivering college lectures opposed to all that La Follette stands for during the very years when the Wisconsin man was staking his political existence upon their advocacy.) There are many other beneficiaries of La Follette's lifelong work, both Democratic and Republican, Presidential candidates, Governors, Senators, and public men of lesser degree. Undoubtedly La Follette is perfectly content that all this should be so. The future historian of the present epoch will name La Follette as its most daring exponent and powerful leader of new political thought. If, being this, he should fail to be President, that will be the rule of American history, not its exception.

Bryan's Favorites

MEN close to Mr. Bryan say that his first choice is Joseph W. Folk of Missouri; his second, Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey.

The Immediate Problem in Congress

TWO programs press upon Congress, the antitrust measures and the tariff. The Democrats, if they are wise, will give right of way to the tariff. The tariff ought to be settled first. Many thoughtful economists believe that a proper reduction of the tariff will itself settle the trust question. Certainly everybody admits that the trust question will look different after the tariff is down. The tariff logically comes first. Moreover, as a matter of political strategy, the Democrats have a monopoly of the tariff; for trust regulation they must share credit with the Republicans.

States That Are Loyal

NEITHER of the two candidates from Ohio will have a united delegation from his own State. Both La Follette and Wilson will have some Ohio delegates. Wilson will have a united delegation from New Jersey; so will La Follette from Wisconsin.

The Democratic List

IT IS known that these names will be officially before the Democratic National Convention when it meets next year:

Governor BURKE, North Dakota.	Governor WILSON, New Jersey.
Governor MARSHALL, Indiana.	Governor HARMON, Ohio.
Governor FOSS, Massachusetts.	OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD, Alabama.

In addition, Missouri will present either Champ Clark or ex-Governor Folk; which of the two is to be Missouri's favorite will be determined by a State primary to be held probably in late January or early February.

The Presidential Primary Situation in New York

NEW YORK may have the Presidential primary; if the people insist strongly enough, New York will have it. The New York law was passed very recently and is not widely known; it provides that if the State Committee of any party calls upon the State to do so, the State shall hold on the last Tuesday in March a Presidential primary under official statutory safeguards and at the State's expense. It all depends upon the initiative of the two State Committees.

Letters That Might be Written

FROM William Barnes, chairman of the Republican State Committee of New York, to William H. Taft, President:

NEW YORK, February 30, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT—I want to write to you about the Presidential primary in this State. The way the law stands in New York is this: If I say the word, we shall have a Presidential primary; if I do nothing and just stand pat, there won't be any Presidential primary. Now I put it up to you: I'll do exactly as you say. If you say the word I'll call on the State Government within twenty-four hours to go ahead and hold the primary; if you say stand pat, why stand pat it is. I can do one thing just as well as another. If you want to submit your candidacy to a primary of the Republican voters, that is perfectly agreeable to me; on the other hand, if you think we had better play absolutely safe, we'll stick to the old system, and I'll get together with a few of the boys and select a delegation that can be absolutely depended on. Of course, there's a lot of howling for a primary among the highbrows, and the pressure's going to get pretty hot before long, but you know there's not a man in the United States that can stand pressure of that kind better than I can, and if you say dodge the primary, why I'll stand pat till the cows come home. You know me. But the mugwumps and some of the papers are beginning to make a lot of noise, so let me know as early as convenient what your wish is, and I'll act accordingly. With best wishes, I am, Yours sincerely, WILLIAM BARNES.

THE WHITE HOUSE, April 1, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. BARNES—You ought to know that existence in this office is not so agreeable to me that I should want to continue it at the cost of my self-respect. I don't want to win a second term by the favor of bosses. I don't want the nomination for the Presidency unless a clear majority of the members of my party want me to have it. It is my wish that you should call for a Presidential primary at the earliest practicable date. I hope this makes my position absolutely clear to you, and you are at liberty to make my attitude public. Yours very sincerely, WILLIAM H. TAFT.

The Greatest Pennsylvania Standpatter

TRUSTWORTHY information from Pittsburgh says that Congressman John M. Dalzell finds the situation so discouraging that he will retire voluntarily next year.

This Vice President Lived a Hundred Years Ago

WHEN Thomas Jefferson was Vice President, he amused his leisure when he wasn't presiding over the Senate, in compiling the first Anglo-Saxon grammar ever written in America. The manuscript, in his careful hand, is preserved in the library of the University of Virginia.

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Asquith's Betrayal of the Suffragists

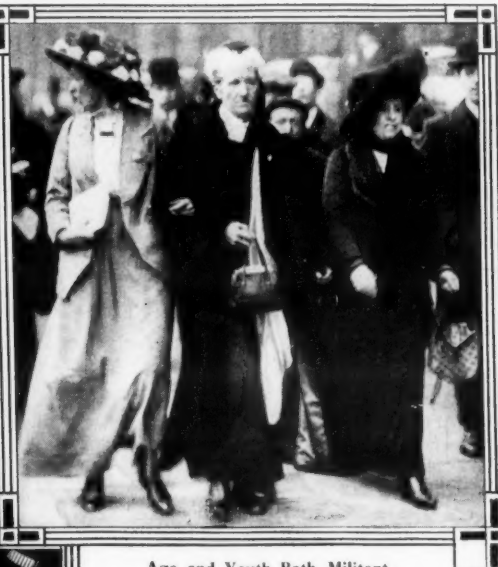
His Broken Pledge Causes the Revival of Militancy in England

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

THE prediction two months ago that the question of woman suffrage in Great Britain might cause the dissolution of Parliament would have been received in much the same spirit as those periodical prophecies of the approaching end of the world. The recent election left the Liberal party still in the saddle—not able, it is true, to ride very fast or very far without its aids, the Nationalist and Labor parties, but apparently with a long lease of life and the power

ical parties formed a Conciliation Committee—not to conciliate the women but each other, to the extent of framing some sort of a bill that all could agree upon

Mrs. Millicent G. Fawcett, head of the Constitutional Suffragists



Age and Youth Both Militant
Side by side they aided in the demonstration



The Arrest of an Invalid Suffragette

Mrs. Billingham was wheeled along with the militant forces; was arrested and carried in her chair to Bow St.

to carry the three great measures of Home Rule, National Insurance, and Welsh Disestablishment.

In the clear sky of victory there was just one shadow, no larger than a woman's hand, but when it should increase to the size of a million women's hands with ballots in them the sky would grow very dark indeed. For at the bottom of all the opposition has been the conviction that Votes for Women would mean dark days for the Liberal party.

The Quiet Way and the Other

ENGLISHMEN have not, like American men, argued that the entrance of women into politics would destroy the feminine instincts and break up the home, for the very good reason that Englishwomen have been in the thick of politics for more than a quarter of a century. The large Primrose League of the Conservative women, and the still larger Liberal Federation of Women, numbering over one hundred thousand, are bulwarks of the two parties, electioneering for candidates with even more success than the men, and proving themselves keen and resourceful politicians, all without loss of the womanly characteristics. They have performed this drudgery always with the hope held out to them that ultimately they should have the franchise and a direct voice in the Government.

Finally, a few years ago a little handful of women "struck"—there were only thirteen of the original "insurgents," just as many as there were of the American colonies—but the militant movement was begun, and with Mrs. Pankhurst at its head the thirteen soon became ten thousand, and now they number hundreds of thousands. They did not fire a shot like that at Lexington which was heard around the world, but the noise of the windows they broke reached far beyond the British Isles.

There is a splendid Woman Suffrage Association over there, forty years old, with tens of thousands of members, the flower of English womanhood. They never have broken a law; they never have jarred the Constitution; but they have sent in petitions signed by three million names—and Parliament never heard them.

The Effect of a Little Force

NOT half a dozen windows had been shattered until every member had his hand to his ear. It is not a question as to which of these bodies used the most highly approved methods, but of which managed to make itself heard.

Somewhat more than a year and a half ago the Members of Parliament said: "Something will have to be done to stop this trouble." Did they refer to the holding of conventions and presenting of petitions by the women, or to the militant action which had landed seven hundred of them in jail to the great anguish of the British taxpayer? Sixty Members of the House of Commons from all four of the polit-



Two of the Leaders of the Last Riot

Lady Constance Lytton, at the right, was arrested on the night of November 20 for instigating the riot on Parliament Street. Her companion is Miss L. Lawless



The Meeting in Caxton Hall

The march against the Government offices was planned at this gathering



Mrs. E. Pankhurst
Founder of the
Militant Suffragists



Mrs. P. Lawrence
Editor of
"Votes for Women"

There never had been any division of opinion on the part of the women's associations as to what they wanted; it was the suffrage on the same terms as exercised by men, about two-thirds of whom are enfranchised—seven million five hundred thousand in round numbers. The committee decided that it would be wholly impracticable to add so large a number of voters to the electorate at one time. Since 1869 women householders—that is, women property owners, tax and rent payers, no matter how small the amount—had possessed the municipal franchise. No great harm could be done by extending to these classes the Parliamentary vote, and this solution of the problem was accepted by all the committee.

The Conciliation Bill

THE various women's associations were very reluctant to make this compromise, but did so on the assurance that this Conciliation Bill was the only one that could possibly be passed. They reasoned that it would at least break down the disqualifying barrier of sex, and that when the one million women whom it would enfranchise should be able to vote for Members of Parliament they could eventually secure the extension to other classes.

The bill reached its second reading in July, 1910, was debated for two entire days, and finally adopted by a majority of 110 from all parties, a larger vote than Lloyd-George had been able to secure for his budget, which had cost a general election. Prime Minister Asquith then refused positively to allow the third and last reading, and all the work was lost.

In May, 1911, the Conciliation Committee was able again to bring the bill to a second reading and a vote. This time the majority was 167 in favor—much larger than the Government, with all the machinery under its control and the mandate of still another general election, had been able to secure for its Veto Bill—and again Premier Asquith denied the final reading. In other words, this one man stood between the women of Great Britain and their right to the franchise, while behind him were ranged Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill, and, by his acknowledgment, a minority of the Cabinet.

Waiting Upon a Promise

DURING the fifteen months since the Conciliation Committee had been formed, there had not been one overt act by the militant suffragists. They had waited patiently for proper action on their bill by Parliament—which was all they ever had asked—and twice they had been tricked out of it; now they prepared to resume military operations. The committee felt that, for the sake of the reputation of the country, further encounters between the women and the police must be avoided.

They appealed to Mr. Asquith; they cited the

(Continued on page 23)

Finance—the Division of Wealth

All the People Are Continually Engaged in Producing Wealth. It Is First Produced and Then Divided. Nearly Every Question in Sociology, Politics, Economics, and Finance Is a Question of Mere Division



J. Ogden Armour
Who perfected the evolution of the Beef Trust

be postponed, unless he can think of something to do about it, whereat he lolls himself about on a couch, stuffed with Beef Trust hair, and tells her the Government is going to fix it. He sees in the papers that the Packers at last are going to get theirs.

"Yes," she says, "you have been telling me so ever since we were married."

Presently they divide a California orange which has been transported to the eastern market by the Armour Fruit Growers' Express. She goes to the kitchen and puts the dough to rise—dough made from wheat which tarried for a while in the Armour grain elevators. Then they go to bed, and if the woman does not comb her hair with a Beef Trust horn comb, it is because cattle come to the Beef Trust dehorned.

They are just average customers of finance.

Beef Trust Founders Never Will Be Poor

IN THE conventional way of financial writing one must always say: "the Beef Trust, so called," because the word Trust, meaning a combination under frown of the law, has come to be offensive to finance, but the Beef Trust is a Beef Trust in the opinion of the United States Supreme Court, whose notion of it will save us from libel. The Government began to investigate it so long ago as 1890; the Government has often sued it. In 1905 the United States Supreme Court permanently enjoined it from continuing to be a Beef Trust under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, but the Beef Trust publicly announced that it had not violated the law, and went on being a Beef Trust as before. Next, its representatives were indicted by a Federal Grand Jury. They got off by pleading immunity, on the ground of having previously testified to being a Beef Trust. So nothing happened to them, and the Beef Trust continued. They are indicted again, in three groups, namely: the Armour Group, the Swift Group, and the Morris Group. The Government alleges that they are still in a conspiracy in restraint of trade, in that they omit to compete, that they arbitrarily divide territory, that they force upon the consumers of meat products an unfair division. They are used to being sued. They hire lawyers by the year.

Maybe something will happen at last. But whatever happens, none of the originators or conductors of the Beef Trust will turn out poor. If the business should become less profitable on a competitive basis, loss would fall upon the holders of Beef Trust securities. The Beef Trust is no longer a private enterprise, as it was in the beginning. It is incorporated. It is in the domain of finance.

Taking Private Profit by Incorporating

ONE function of finance is to enable private enterprise to sell out and get its profit. A business that has been enormously profitable, yielding maybe 40 per cent on the capital actually invested, is incorporated and sold to the public in the form of 4 per cent bonds, 7 per cent preferred stock and as much common stock as the imagination will stand.

Havemeyer amassed and segregated vast private wealth. Investors who put their money into Sugar Trust stock get only 7 per cent.

The men who pooled their steel and iron properties in the United States Steel Corporation realized prodigious profits: the bonds of the Steel Corporation pay only 5 per cent, the preferred stock 7 per cent and the common stock now 5 per cent, though not earning it in bad times.

A man who would embark private capital in the steel business for a profit limited to 5, 6, or 7 per cent would be thought mad. The securities which yield merely a moderate income to the present widely scattered share proprietors of the Steel Trust represented to the men who contributed the properties profits which were wildly beyond anything they had ever imagined. Some of them found their old wives unequal to the strain of spending regal incomes; so they divorced the old wives and married new and more expensive partners. One of them tried to live up his income, and was overwhelmed by it. He is now in seclusion nursing the delusion that he has neither friends nor money. Another has a widely advertised passion to die poor. Occasionally the survivors of the riotous division of wealth which took place in the formation of the United States Steel Corporation meet to see how they stand it, and dine off gold plate.

Our Daily Meat

By GARET GARRETT

BEFORE there was a Beef Trust, there were big butchers and packers who borrowed money at the banks and bargained with the railroads for transportation. The greatest of these was P. D. Armour, a Harriman among butchers, who still called himself a butcher when he owned or dominated both banks and railroads. He got it in the butcher business. Armour & Company, a corporation, is now the backbone of the Beef Trust, but J. Ogden Armour, the son, is no butcher. He is a financier, a capitalist, standing respectfully at the head of the vast "Armour interests."

A man of short legs, a huge trunk, heavy hands, a big head and a ruthless, mighty brain was P. D. Armour. He grew in the East. Several years of his young manhood he spent in the mining West and never talked about them afterward. Wherever he went he observed that people ate; they ate mainly meat and bread. Being a shrewd, daring, and unmoral speculator, with the temperament of a butcher, the rest was logical. He grew rich in the packing industry of Cincinnati, where he married above his social station, as a butcher sometimes will, before he went to Chicago. There he found men foolishly doing a commission business in provisions—men who received their orders from the South and turned them over to the packers to be filled. That was a middleman's profit to be absorbed. Armour absorbed it, and the ruin of one hundred commission men was incidental.

Bread went with meat.

He built elevators and speculated enormously in grain. That was before there had developed any ethical sense on the Chicago Board of Trade against corners. He was a bear of wheat at harvest time, when the farmers were selling, and a bull of wheat thereafter, while the consumers were consuming. His theories of division were simple. One day he sent a broker into the wheat pit to buy all the wheat offering. The broker bought seven million bushels—the yield of 350,000 acres. The next day he sold it, because the price on all that buying had not advanced and he perceived that he had the wrong end of the speculation. That was the kind of speculator he was.

The Road to Power

PRESENTLY he was powerful enough, as the largest individual shipper of meat products and breadstuffs, to bully the railroads. He owned his own car lines for transporting meat. It was so profitable that he extended his car-line refrigeration to the Pacific Coast fruit business. He began a day's work at 6 a. m. His clerks thought it a hardship to begin at 7. All the time he was a tremendous borrower of credit at the banks. Credit is other people's money. As his surplus millions accumulated he had to do something with them. He invested them in banks and railroads.

He made one investment in a brick building, which he gave to Chicago and endowed as a technical school. He had two sons—Philip D., Jr., and J. Ogden. The Armour business was to have been carried on by Philip D., Jr., because J. Ogden ran more to the pure silk of finance. His father gave him a million dollars for trial, and he engaged in the bond business. He succeeded, having a fine financial mind, but Philip D., Jr., died, and the butcher business devolved at last upon J. Ogden. He isn't a butcher; he has not the short legs nor the huge trunk; neither the heavy hands nor the ruthless brain. He perfected the evolution of the Beef Trust and elevated the butcher business to the world of funded finance.

THE "Armour interests," represented by J. Ogden Armour and P. A. Valentine, are contained in Armour & Company, which is capitalized for \$20,000,000 10 per cent stock and \$30,000,000 4½ per cent bonds. These securities are owned variously by private investors and by banks. Under separate names are: the Armour Packing Company, incorporated; the Armour Grain Company, incorporated; the Armour Fertilizer Works, incorporated; the Armour Car Lines, the Armour Refrigerator Line, the Tropical Refrigerator Express, the Fruit Growers' Express, and the Armour's Stock Express.

The other groups are incorporated, too. Swift & Company are capitalized for \$60,000,000 7 per cent stock and \$5,000,000 bonds. At first there was only a nominal \$300,000 of Swift stock, all owned by the partners; there is now \$60,000,000 of it held by investors. Morris & Company are capitalized for \$12,300,000 in 4½ per cent bonds and \$3,000,000 stock.

The Government is now dealing with the secondary or financial condition, marvelously complex, resulting from the first condition which was unmoral and illegal, and under which a few men amassed great private wealth. Observe: The members of the Beef Trust, by virtue of their private investments, are large holders of bank and railroad stocks; the banks are large holders of Beef Trust paper and securities, and the railroads are heavily obliged to the Beef Trust for tonnage. J. Ogden Armour is interested in the National City Bank, and the National City Bank is interested in Armour & Company. One of the Beef Trust's most profitable by-

products is leather. Messrs. Armour and Valentine, of Armour & Company, are large holders of Central Leather Company stock, which they got almost for nothing, because of their power with hides. It is true that direct rebates have been abolished; that the railroads are no longer obliged to carry Beef Trust freight at a loss of \$30 to \$40 a car, as President Ripley of the Atchafalpa testified, or at any price the packers choose to name, as President Stickney of the Chicago Great Western once affirmed, but when a question of policy touching the Beef Trust arises before a board of railroad directors, lo! there is a member of the Beef Trust sitting with them. He has invested a portion of his private wealth in the shares, say, of the St. Paul Railroad and is influential in its councils.

An Explanation You Will Understand

IF YOU think the Beef Trust so elementary a thing that the Government could pull it up like a weed and pitch it out of the garden, you know very little about trusts at all. When you pull one up by the roots, or think you are going to, it is like taking hold in your garden of a strange and lusty weed whose roots are amazingly ramified. You pull and they run off toward the onions; you pull again, and the radishes begin to be damaged, and you wonder presently whether you shall leave the weed or ruin the garden.

THE Beef Trust is as you see it: To the newspaper cartoonist it is a fat steer, tailored; to people of hypersensitive olfactory nerves it is the smell of Chicago; to the cattle raisers it is a monster of greed; to the statistician it is a source of great national wealth in the guise of export figures; to several millions of individuals it is the symbol of the high cost of living; to the lawyers it is an inexhaustible source of argument with fees. It is all of that, and more. It is a growth, wonderfully entangled with other growths. And yet the complexity of it is in terms only. Imagine the case of a butcher in a community of 5,000 people who begins with a capital of \$2,000; he is the best butcher, takes business from the other two and makes \$1,000 the first year. That is 50 per cent on his capital.

The next year he borrows \$2,000 from the local bank at 4 per cent to buy out the other two butchers and enlarge his own business. He has then \$4,000 capital, on which he makes \$2,000 profit. He pays the bank \$80 interest, which is 4 per cent on \$2,000. That leaves him a clear profit of \$1,920, which is 96 per cent on his original capital of \$2,000. He begins to buy property. He buys the building in which the post office is; he acquires shares in the local bank. The butcher business is still profitable. It continues to yield \$2,000 a year on \$4,000 capital, of which half is borrowed.

He capitalizes the butcher business for \$20,000 in 10 per cent stock, and sells \$9,000 of the stock. He still controls the butcher business, but he has taken \$9,000 out. He had put in only \$2,000. He increases his interest in the local bank and becomes president; he buys the hotel or builds a new one; he takes an interest in a trolley line promotion. He may still call himself a butcher, but his family will proudly parade him as the owner of the town and resent references to his beginnings.

At length the people of his town may complain of having to buy their meat always at one shop and always at that one shop's arbitrary price; they may even insist upon competition being restored in the local butcher business. The question conceivably becomes an issue in local politics; competition is restored; the capitalized butcher business becomes less profitable and is unable to continue paying 10 per cent on \$20,000 stock. The man who has least to lose in proportion to what he has is probably the owner of the post office block, the president of the local bank, and the largest stockholder in the trolley enterprise—the original butcher.

Who Will Pay?

THE Government alleges that the profits of the Beef Trust are excessive, and arise from artificial conditions maintained by conspiracy. Those profits are capitalized in the form of 4½ per cent bonds and 7 and 10 per cent stocks. If the Government succeeds in breaking up the conspiracy and the profits of the Beef Trust become insufficient to pay 4½ per cent interest on the bonds and 7 and 10 per cent on the stocks, where will the loss fall?

Can you unmake an omelet?

Unfinancial Comment

IN THE case of the ironworkers, organized labor denied everything, denounced the prosecution, called it persecution, raised a prodigious defense fund, and proclaimed beforehand that the trial would be unfair. That was socialism, anarchism, radicalism—what you like. For twenty years the Beef Trust has pursued exactly those tactics. That is finance.

What man among all those who denounce the Tobacco Trust can say that he walks two blocks out of his way to patronize an independent tobaccoist?

The country is never so prosperous as when it feels moderately poor, spends no more than it earns, and makes one set of tires do the work of two.

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Scandal of Lawless Law

(Concluded from page 8)

don before the Minnesota State Bar Association, from which I have quoted in a previous article, and practically the same charge was made by the American Bar Association twenty-seven years ago. That conditions, in the opinion of the ablest and cleanest members of the bar, have not materially changed is evidenced by the efforts of the Association to secure the passage of the amendment, drawn by President Taft, according to which no case shall ever be reversed on any kind of technicality, error, or ruling unless it can be shown from a full review of the case that injustice has been done.

Grotesque Technicalities

NO decisions of recent years contributed more to bring this scandal of the law to the public mind than the wretched miscarriage of justice effected by the Supreme Court of California in the case of Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco. There, after tremendous effort and enormous cost to the people of that State, a bribe-taking mayor had been convicted and sentenced to prison. The California Supreme Court reversed this conviction on the ground that "the court did not know and could not know, because the indictment did not allege it, that Schmitz was mayor at that time." Could anything more unbelievable be alleged against men charged with and sworn to the administration of justice? The result was that the scoundrel went free. Denouncing this decision in unmeasured terms, Dean Wigmore of the Northwestern University Law School said:

"Such disputations were the life of scholarship and of the law six hundred years ago. They are out of place to-day."

Of no such deplorable consequence, but equally grotesque, was the famous decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio in which it held that a law providing for the use of voting machines was unconstitutional! Certain language of a document drawn half a century before voting machines were ever dreamed of, or the pressure of increased population had ever suggested their utility, was here pressed into service to defeat the will of the people of Ohio and maintain the supremacy of the Cox and other political machines.

An estimate of one hundred thousand cases presented to the various appellate courts of the country for review every year would be absurdly low. Now consider that, according to the figures presented by the American Bar Association, from forty to fifty per cent of these cases are reversed and a new trial ordered. Then contrast this with the statement made by the Hon. E. J. McDermott of the Louisville bar, that on the average only about twelve new trials are granted by the Court of Appeal each year in England. As for the Court of Criminal Appeal, it decides all cases brought before it, sitting one day in the week for ten months of the year and one day each month for the other two months. If a case is not decided in a single day, it is carried over to the next morning, and Dean Lawson, in his elaborate report on procedure in England, states that so far no case has ever gone over one week.

The Array of Facts

IS it any wonder that in the United States, proportional to the population, there are at least five times as many judges as in England, possibly ten times as many? That is why I said that if it were not for the monumental abuse of the right of appeal, and the still greater abuse by the courts of their power to reverse decisions upon the most flimsy and fantastic of pretexts and without the slightest regard to the question of justice, the number of our judges could be reduced to at least two-thirds.

From all of this mass of testimony, from the highest and most unimpeachable of witnesses, the following facts stand clearly forth:

1. That the administration of law in the United States is in a state of utter anarchy.
 2. That a plain man cannot know the law.
 3. That justice is simply "the last man's guess."
 4. That the average judge feels at liberty to override the plain letter and intent of any law, no matter how clear, no matter how imperative, under the atrocious fraud of its being "unconstitutional."
- There is yet another side to this monstrous system of legal and judicial mummery, and that is its frightful cost. With this I purpose to deal in a subsequent article.

Drastic as is Mr. Snyder's exposure of "The Scandal of the Lawless Law," he covers only a phase of the subject. For eighteen months past C. P. Connolly, on behalf of "Everybody's Magazine," has been investigating the relations between the Judiciary and the Interests, and his series, "The Beast on the Bench," revealing almost incredible conditions, will begin in the February issue of that publication.



The Howard Watch

THIS Christmas is surely the time to gratify for him one of his dearest wishes—to own a HOWARD WATCH.

Not that he hasn't a watch of some kind already.

But the higher up a man gets in the councils of the business and professional world the more HOWARD owners he finds among his associates.

It is brought home to him more and more that the HOWARD has a distinctive standing among the leading men of all callings and occupations.

And when a man once absorbs the prestige of the HOWARD—when he realizes

what "HOWARD time" is and the service it performs in the world's affairs, any other watch becomes a good bit of a makeshift.

Through its seventy years' career the HOWARD has come to be known as the finest practical time-piece in the world.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel (double roller) in a Crescent or Jas. Boss gold-filled case at \$40, to the 23-jewel at \$150, and the "EDWARD HOWARD" model at \$350—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD. The jeweler who can is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post-card, Dept. A, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Monthly talk on a New York real estate investment

ADDRESSED TO THE READERS OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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Six per cent. is 100% more than 3%, and 50% more than 4%. Therefore if you can get 6% and ample safety you should do so. If you have \$100, or \$1000, it is worth 6% PLUS safety.

At 6%, \$1000 will earn \$60 a year, and it will keep on at that rate till you can use it for a business enterprise of your own. Such an opportunity comes to every one, but unless you have some ready money you cannot make the slightest use of it. "If I had had so-and-so" explains many a failure.

Now the mere possession of \$100, or \$1000, never made any one rich, but the proper investment of such an amount has started many a man on the high road to success and GOT HIM THERE.

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Scorching Through Georgia

(Concluded from page 16)

wildly. His average speed for the 411.36-mile grind was 74.45 miles per hour, a world's record for the distance.

Hearne finished about two minutes behind Bruce-Brown, a tire change at the end of the twenty-second lap having consumed about three minutes of his time and lost him first position. Had he not been so worn out with cold and fatigue, he might have made the change in one minute or less. The tire which he removed was not completely gone, and it is possible that he could have driven out the race upon it, gaining the victory. He was evidently afraid, however, that, in his exhausted condition, he could not hold his car in the road should the tire blow out at high speed. The brawn of Bruce-Brown, therefore, was perhaps the greatest individual factor in his final winning of the Grand Prize race, one of the longest, most severe, and most exciting contests in the motor-racing history of the entire world. Roughly, Bruce-Brown's average speed amounts to a mile and a quarter per minute, to make which average he ran in places at the rate of 110 miles per hour.

If Bruce-Brown, traveling at his average Savannah speed, had left New York simultaneously with the Twentieth Century train, he would have reached a point within a few miles of Utica when the train arrived in Albany. When the train was passing Buffalo (439 miles from New York, or, roughly, about the distance of the Grand Prize race), Bruce-Brown would have traveled 632 miles, reaching a point beyond Cleveland. When the Twentieth Century train was a few miles beyond Toledo, Bruce-Brown would be entering Chicago, having made the run of almost a thousand miles in 13 hours 10 minutes. If, pursuing our imaginary race between motor and train, we carry Bruce-Brown to San Francisco, we should have him there in less than a day and a half more, though no train makes the run from Chicago

within three days' time. Bruce-Brown, under these conditions, would have crossed the continent in less than two days. Continuing around the globe, Bruce-Brown would make one lap in 18 days 17 hours, against the record of that other hyphenated gentleman, Jager-Schmidt, who made the trip by boat and rail in 39 days 19 hours 43 minutes.

WHEN the winning cars had lined up before the grand stand; when the crowd had cheered until it had no voice left; when Bruce-Brown's mother had rushed down and flung her arms about her strapping son; when camera men, scrambling like beetles over his machine, had photographed and photographed and photographed; when moving-picture men had turned their cranks until the last foot of their film was used; when the victor had been lifted to the shoulders of his friends and carried off in triumph—when all this had happened, we others scurried to our trains.

In the smoker after dinner I found a stocky little German mechanic who had ridden in the race. He was calmly puffing a cigar. By way of starting conversation with him, I asked which he thought had the best chance in a spill—the driver or the mechanic.

"That," he said, "goes by which way the car falls over. And which way she falls over goes by which way she is turning, or on which side tires happen to blow out. In the only spill I ever had she was going ninety miles an hour, and rolled over to the right. The driver, he was hurt, but I just bruised my hand."

"What made you take up racing?" I inquired.

"You cannot make much money in factories or garages," he explained. "In racing it is different. You make money or"—he shrugged his shoulders slightly—"or you don't need money any more."

The Saving of Clarence Darrow

(Concluded from page 10)

describe the scene immediately after the "Times" explosion say it was horrible—simply horrible.

ON the morning of Tuesday, December 5, which was Election Day in Los Angeles, a black throng lined the streets in anticipation of the march of the McNamaras across the plaza of the courthouse where the trial had taken place. But the officials, to spare the prisoners, and for other reasons, had shifted the last act in this scene to the old Hall of Justice, adjoining the jail. Just a week by the clock from the hour that Bert Franklin had been caught in the attempt to bribe the juror Lockwood, the defendants were standing before Judge Bordwell for sentence—the one puny, the other of full habit and handsome feature—a self-cultured man who for two years had risen every morning at five to perfect himself in the study of law. As he stood there, but for the obloquy of the occasion, he might have been a tribune about to address that august assembly. Had life held in its crucible other fortunes, he had a mind capable of some such rôle. As he stood there, "Labor" might well have placed her shield of wrongs behind him and have felt a pride in the physical picture of her champion. A solemn hush pervaded the room. Some fashion and a good deal of intellect were there—men prominent in California life and women, graceful and refined. Across the room from him sat his counsel; to his left, ranged along the table, the prosecutors who had marshaled the evidence against the defendants, whose kings moving out of their row had checked every play of the defense. Darrow, the deep seams and the pallor of his face betraying the humiliation of desolation.

Beside him Lincoln Steffens, blanched and worried, suffering the fate of all unselfish mediators, in that both sides were condemning him. It was the last scene before oblivion, fit but awful retribution for the past, should close upon James B. McNamara and shut him out forever from the lives of normal men. The quiet tones of the judge and the deep voice of the prosecutor were the only sounds that broke the silence. Not a figure in that crowded room moved save the four actors—the prosecutor, the judge, and the prisoners—and then only in the necessary action of the drama. The shadows from drawn curtains fell in color and imagination over the group. Prosecutor Fredericks alone gave a sense of reality to the scene. His voice and manner were matter of fact. James B. McNamara was first sentenced, and, as the last words of the judge fell, a tremor ran through the elder brother's frame. Then John J. McNamara arose—in his face no lineament of the criminal, no curl of the lip, no posing for effect. There, awaiting condemnation, he stood, a living silhouette against the jagged, lifeless human wall behind him.

There were some few commonplaces after the sentences. The prosecutor nodded to the sheriff, who in turn beckoned to the two brothers. They moved a few feet through the spectators toward the door behind Judge Bordwell's bench. The spell lifted and the crowd breathed again. An evil spirit had been exorcised, and the curtain had lowered on the last act of the McNamara drama. It was the latest sacrificial offering to the Moloch of greed on the one side, and of vengeance and violence on the other.

It looks as if William J. Burns had Sherlock Holmes wearing a fool's cap.

Standing Pat

YOUR arguments for modern things with me cannot avail; my father reaped his grain by hand and thrashed it with a flail; then who am I to strike new paths and buy machinery? The methods good enough for dad are good enough for me! I want no hydrant by my house—such doodads I won't keep! My father drew the water from a well three furlongs deep, and skinned his hands and broke his back a-pulling at the rope, and methods that my father used will do for me, I hope! Don't talk of your electric light; a candle's all I need; my father always

went to bed when 'twas too dark to read; I want no books or magazines to clutter up my shack; my father never read a thing but Johnson's almanac. A bath room? Blowing wealth for that ridiculous appears; my father never used to bathe, and lived for ninety years. I care not for your "progress" talk, "reform" or other tricks; my father never used to vote or fuss with politics; he never cared three whoops in Troy which side should win or lose, and I'm content to go his gait, and wear my father's shoes.

—WALT MASON.

THE WAY TO THAT WINTER EDEN—CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA is truly a Garden of Eden! It beckons to you now—welcomes you to its flower-spangled gardens where the laughter of happy children, away from all thought of winter, mingles with the music of birds who have found their paradise.

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Asquith's Betrayal of the Suffragists

(Concluded from page 19)

fact that a woman suffrage bill had seven times received a large favorable majority at its second reading, and that there had been no time in the last thirty years when it would not have been adopted by the House of Commons if a final vote had been permitted, and they insisted that this should no longer be denied, as public sentiment unquestionably demanded it. To put the matter in the fewest possible sentences, he promised that during the next session, after the bill had passed its second reading, the Government would grant a week for its further stages. A few months ago, in response to a request for something more definite, he used these exact words:

"The week offered will be interpreted with reasonable elasticity. The Government will interpose no obstacle to a proper use of the closure, and if the bill gets through committee in the time proposed, the extra days required for report and third reading will not be refused."

Later, in a letter to Lord Lytton, chairman of the Conciliation Committee, Mr. Asquith wrote: "I have no hesitation in saying that the promises made by and in behalf of the Government in regard to giving facilities for the Conciliation Bill will be strictly adhered to both in letter and in spirit."

This was the situation when in November, less than two months after Premier Asquith had made the pledge given above, he suddenly announced a Government bill for Manhood Suffrage, which will give a vote to every man but none to any woman! It proposes to remove from men every qualification as to the payment of rates, leaving only the single one of residence, and to exclude even those women who pay taxes and possess the municipal ballot. It will enfranchise 2,500,000 men who at present cannot be enrolled even as "occupiers"—that is, paying rent and having control of so much as a single room, and in order to make sure of these floating voters it provides for Government officers to seek out and register them. George Lansbury, M.P., and Philip Snowden, M.P., the Labor leaders and Socialists, speak of this bill as "the vilest insult that can be put upon the whole of the woman movement," and "a shameful and scandalous outrage on women." It is repudiated by Ramsey MacDonald, M.P., by W. C. Anderson, chairman of the Independent Labor party, and by its organ, the "Labor Leader," although universal suffrage for men would be to the direct interest of this party.

Amendment an Insult

WHAT is Asquith's object? If it is to strengthen the Liberal party, then that party should welcome it, but such is by no means the case. An Electoral Reform Bill is needed to correct the grave abuses in the present system, but not to add more serious ones, and the present moment is most inopportune, with three or four large Government measures entitled to procedure. There can be no question that this Manhood Suffrage Bill is proposed for the leading purpose of killing womanhood suffrage.

Insult is added to injury by Mr. Asquith's permission to the suffragists to attach an amendment to the bill which will make it include women. He fully understands that nothing could be more impossible. It usually requires all the force of the Government behind a bill to drive it through, with the warning that its failure will mean the dissolution of Parliament, and the amendment of a private Member has no hope of success. The Conciliation Bill is wholly a non-partisan measure, accepted by Liberals, Unionists,

Nationalists, and Laborites; the Manhood Suffrage Bill is purely a Liberal measure, and an amendment to it could not command any Unionist cooperation and not the full support of the other parties, while the "moderate" wing of the Liberals themselves would not indorse so radical a proposal as this amended bill would be. There is, however, a stronger reason than these why talk of an amendment is worse than futile. The proposition to add by the stroke of the pen 2,500,000 voters to the present electorate of 7,500,000 is as much of a shock as British conservatism and tradition can stand. A proposal to more than double this 10,000,000 would be fatal, and it would be more than doubled by the addition of women, as the excess of the female over the male population is near a million. Even the provision of the Conciliation Bill to add one million women voters would be rejected if it occurred in such a connection.

Anger against Lloyd-George

THE announcement of Lloyd-George that he would make a strong fight for an amendment to the Manhood Suffrage Bill has only added fire to the flame of the women's anger. They consider him their most treacherous enemy; he used his vote and open influence against the conciliation measure, and is without doubt directly back of this new bill.

A study of the present situation in Great Britain makes one understand why the women are goaded to desperation and why one branch of the great organized movement recently marched its battalions to the House of Commons to protest against the duplicity of the Government; why they resisted the policemen who prevented their approach, and why two hundred of them are going to prison in a genuine spirit of martyrdom.

It is a serious question whether this was a wise thing to do at this point. Formerly the militant policy had its acknowledged place in the political game played against such tremendous odds; militant action served a purpose which culminated in the creation of the Conciliation Committee and its resultant bill. No one could have visited England during recent years and not have been convinced that notwithstanding some grave mistakes made by the militants they have been a powerful force in creating a public sentiment favorable to woman suffrage. But now it exists in all parts of the country, and has been immeasurably strengthened by this last act of Premier Asquith proposing to enfranchise a large body of men who never have asked for it and ignoring the women who have striven so long and suffered so much. Can they not afford for a while at least to cease their strenuous effort and let public sentiment do its work?

In his determination to crush woman suffrage Mr. Asquith has introduced a measure which threatens to endanger the Home Rule Bill that the party is pledged to pass. This will doubtless run the gantlet between the Houses of Parliament for two years, and meanwhile should the Manhood Suffrage Bill go through the Commons and be accepted by the Lords the Parliament logically should dissolve and the new voters be allowed to give their mandate to another. It seems much more likely that in the inevitable controversy over the Manhood Suffrage Bill the Liberal Government may be overthrown. A defeat through its long-continued effort to keep the franchise from women would be regarded by them as a just retribution for its utter disloyalty to its own foundation principles.

The All-Western Football Team of 1911

(Continued from page 17)

who received his training at Mercersburg Academy, really furnished the fireworks. In the line-up he figured as a quarter back, but he had the faculty of being able to play any position. As an open-field runner he was without a peer in the West.

Oliver of Illinois and Tobin of Minnesota are given end positions on the second team. Both were especially strong on defense, although sickness in the early season militated against Oliver's work.

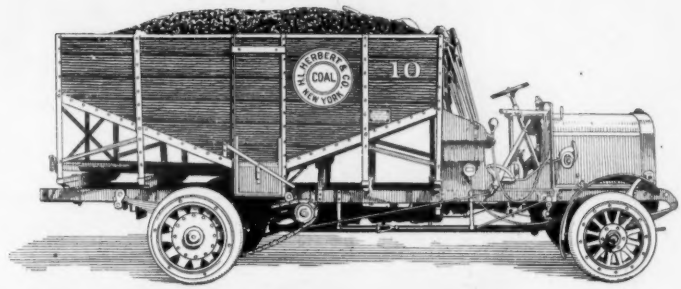
There seems to be an abundance of good tackles on the stronger teams. There were Rademacher of Chicago, Conklin of Michigan, Frank of Minnesota, Buser and Roberts of Wisconsin. Under ordinary circumstances, Conklin would have received first mention as an All-Western tackle, but the captaincy apparently weighed heavily on his shoulders, and he did not play the game expected of him. On the other hand, this seems to have

had the opposite effect on Rademacher of Chicago, who turned out to be one of the real sensations of Staggs's team. He was invaluable to his team in breaking up interference, blocking kicks, and tackling the runner behind the line. By the same token the other tackle position goes to Buser of Wisconsin, who also was captain of his team, and he played the better for it.

It is to be regretted that it is necessary to leave Frank of Minnesota off the first team and relegate him to the second. Frank was an excellent tackle, but did not have the versatility of either Rademacher or Buser.

Guards of first-class caliber were many, but none so good as Smith of Minnesota and Scruby of Chicago. Smith was undoubtedly the strongest lineman in the Minnesota team.

Stagg, after shifting Scruby from place



A Record Maintained

Please bear this in mind. Commer Truck operating costs quoted to possible buyers will always be maintained or bettered during steady daily service.

Last Winter, during a 13-day trial, the above Commer Truck hauled 772 tons of coal for H. L. Herbert & Co., at less than 6c per ton mile. This demonstration was so well above those given by other trucks that H. L. Herbert & Co. bought the Commer, writing us, "we sincerely trust you may live up to this record, as it will eliminate

one of the greatest problems in the coal industry."

Six months after, H. L. Herbert & Co. sent a reorder and wrote that their first Commer Truck had fully lived up to the unusual record made during its trial demonstration.

These Commer Truck users sent another reorder one month later, and a third reorder has come as this advertisement goes to press.

So we repeat: Commer Trucks always live up to or better the operating costs quoted by us to prospective buyers.

The Commer Truck

Four months after we had introduced the Commer Truck to American Business men, every available Commer Truck had been sold. Two months later one or more REORDERS had come from over 55% of those who had bought Commer Trucks.

Thus it becomes easier each day to sell a Commer Truck and harder to buy one, for under no circumstances will we rush the output beyond our capacity. Every Commer Truck must be as good

as we can make it; as good as our seven years' experience and the engineering skill of the two Commer Truck Plants can make it.

Many Commer Trucks are seven years old. Many Commer Trucks have done 200,000 miles of service. Not one Commer Truck has ever worn out.

Only a few of the next three months' output remain unsold. It would be wise to get in touch with us immediately if you are interested.

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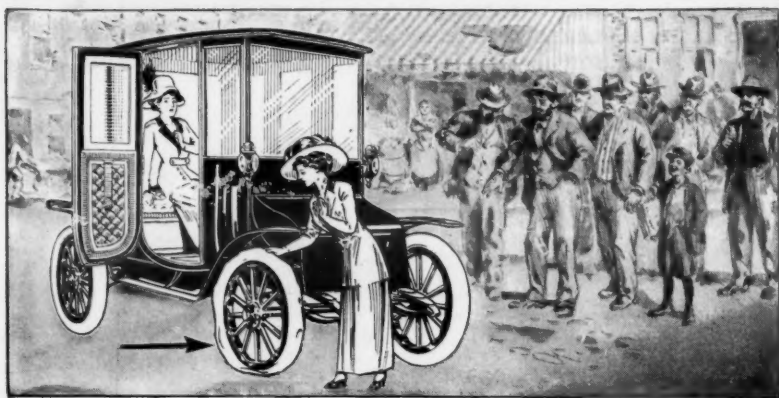
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We invite automobile men or engineers who wish to represent the Commer Truck in unoccupied territory to write us.





It Couldn't Have Happened With MOTZ Cushion Tires

Tire punctured—neighborhood bad—idle, curious loafers gathered around—miles from a garage—no one to help her—this is the predicament that your wife or daughter may be compelled to face any minute, if she drives a car equipped with pneumatic tires.

Yet these humiliations, troubles, worry, delays and expense are wholly unnecessary. For Motz Cushion Tires have forever put an end to such difficulties.

The Trouble-Proof Tire

Motz Cushion Tires do away with punctures, blowouts, rim-cutting and dangerous skidding. And they are quickly applied. For they are quick-detachable—fit any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

The Economy Tire

Up-keep expense on your tires is wiped out by the Motz Cushion Tire. No extra tires, no cement, no patches, no inner tubes, no jacks, no tire tools to buy or carry.

And the Motz Cushion Tire is guaranteed, in writing, for 10,000 miles—two years service. The average life of a Motz Cushion Tire is much longer—14,000 to 20,000 miles. A pneumatic tire does well to last 3,000 miles.

Moreover, the Motz Cushion Tire gives a greater efficiency than any pneumatic tire. For automobile makers have found that, on a given charge of fuel, their cars travel more miles when equipped with Motz Cushion Tires than with the highest-grade pneumatics.

The Resilient Tire

The Motz Cushion Tire is as resilient as the properly-inflated pneumatic. This amazing resiliency is accomplished by means of double treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges and secret-processed rubber. The double treads, which are notched, also make this the non-skid tire. (See illustration.)



Note the resiliency when passing over a stone. (Drawn from actual photograph.)

We also manufacture Demountable Solid and Cushion Tires for Commercial Cars

The Popular Tire

In the year 1910 the sale of Motz Tires increased sixteen-fold, and 1911 records show an increase of 500 per cent over 1910.

Seventeen makers of pleasure cars now equip their machines with this trouble-proof tire. These makers produce over 95 per cent of all American-built pleasure electrics. They use Motz Tires, notwithstanding the fact that, on the average, it would cost them \$100 less to use pneumatic tires and \$125 less for solid (motor truck) tires. Thus they give you a trouble-proof, easy-riding motor car.

The Tire for You to Investigate

Don't subject your people to the humiliation of such street scenes as shown above. Don't buy tire worries with a pleasure car. Don't pay four times as much for up-keep as is necessary. Eliminate worry, trouble and expense by investigating Motz Cushion Tires.

Send us your name and we will mail you our latest Booklet, together with the names of automobile makers who specify Motz Cushion Tires—also, letters from pleasure car owners who are now using the Motz Tire. Please write today, requesting Booklet 89.

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The All-Western Football Team of 1911

(Concluded from page 23)

to place, finally found a place suited to his make-up, and Scruby became a star guard. He held his own against all comers. He did all the punting and place kicking for Chicago. As a punter he ranked among the best, and his skill in kicking goals from placement made him a player to be feared.

Shonka of Nebraska and Paul Belting of Illinois get the position on the second eleven. Both were aggressive players and were in the game every minute of the play. Hanley of Marquette and Hanson of Iowa were close to the class of the others, the latter especially on account of his kicking.

Morrell of Minnesota, Branstad of Wisconsin, and O'Brien of Iowa, playing center, showed good form. Morrell gets the place because he outplayed every man he met, even though not quite as active in the open field as some of his rivals. O'Brien wound up his football career with a great record as drop kicker, but in passing the ball, charging, and general usefulness was not quite up to the standard of either Morrell or Branstad. Branstad played a remarkably good game all season.

Critics have generally divided the honors of the quarter-back position between Moll of Wisconsin and Capron of Minnesota. Capron was not a good quarter back, and, while playing the position, his team was run by Pickering and then by Rosenwald, but he was a grand ball player, and as he has been placed at end, this eliminates him. Moll did not show up strong in certain vital departments of the game, and in consequence the man who took his place in the Chicago game gets the position—his team mate, Gillette. Gillette was a great half back. He was just as much at home in the position of quarter back, and he is considered a better field general than Moll. This was clearly demonstrated in the Chicago game when he replaced Moll. He will, without doubt, be the regular quarter back on the Wisconsin eleven next year, and it is known that Coach Richards considers him one of the most valuable men on the team. Moll is placed on the second team.

There are other good quarter backs, among these being Paine of Chicago and McMillan of Michigan.

The Half-Back Position

PRACTICALLY every team had one or more candidates for the half-back positions on the All-Western team. There were Sauer of Chicago, Craig of Michigan, Gill of Indiana, Roberts of Illinois, Rosenwald and Stevens of Minnesota, and a number of lesser lights. Among all, Rosenwald and Sauer stand out most strongly, with Craig and Stevens next in line. Rosenwald ranks with the best in the country. Sauer does not shine quite as brilliantly, but he was the best ground gainer on the Chicago team. He was exceptionally strong in forward passes, and Coach

Stagg's most effective tricks were built around this powerful player.

Craig of Michigan, probably next to Capron the fastest man on the Western gridiron, was the best ground gainer for his team. In open-field running he had few superiors. Stevens was another valuable man, his all-around work being a close second to his more flashy team mate, Rosenwald. Gill and Roberts were good, but did not improve over last season as much as expected.

The Second Team

FULL BACKS were scarce. With Pickering out of the game, Thomson of Michigan has the place all to himself, his rivals being Pierce of Chicago, Murphy of Iowa, and Woolston of Illinois. There is no question about his superiority to any of these. He was a little weak against Cornell, but in all other games he showed a splendid attack and was equally strong on defense. Pierce was a valuable man for his team; his only real weakness was in handling punts when playing back of the line of defense. He was a good line buckler and was the man who made Chicago's victory over Wisconsin a certainty. The choice, in full, for the second team follows:

End—OLIVER, Illinois.

Tackle—FRANK, Minnesota.

Guard—SHONKA, Nebraska.

Center—BRANSTAD, Wisconsin.

Guard—P. BELTING, Illinois.

Tackle—CONKLIN, Michigan.

End—TOBIN, Minnesota.

Quarter Back—MOLL, Wisconsin.

Half Back—CRAIG, Michigan.

Half Back—STEVENS, Minnesota.

Full Back—PIERCE, Chicago.

In attempting to pick out the best players, the coaches, who play the all-important part, are frequently overlooked. In the West, where professional coaching prevails, it is not so much the material at hand as the knowledge imparted that counts. It is usually a one-man affair, and here is where the fortunes of the individual team are involved. Williams of Minnesota and Richards of Wisconsin both built up strong teams and had what might be called successful seasons. Yost of Michigan had a hard time to keep his team intact, one or two of his best men being out of his important games. To Coach Stagg of Chicago, however, belong the laurels. The material that he had to work with at the opening of the football year had never been more mediocre. It looked to outsiders and to Stagg himself that this season would be one of defeats, but barring the game against Minnesota, when his team was snowed under by a score of 30 to 0, his team won every game played. His weak team, perfectly coached, held Cornell at the third down on Chicago's one-yard line and Wisconsin on the two-yard line. Our hat is off to the "grand old man."

Going After Souls on a Business Basis

(Concluded from page 14)

That was the old-line revival. It tore into a town with posters. It chartered the biggest hall or a circus tent, and worked in a chorus of three hundred voices, untrained, but vociferous.

The evangelists drove hard at drink, tobacco, and sins of the flesh; pictured man as a lost soul on the road to hell, called him to repentance, told of the tender love of a mother for the son of her body, and the yet more yearning love of the hidden God for His suffering world, and gave as the solution for sin and doubt and pain just to get right with God, and to accept and believe in His Son, Jesus Christ.

The evangelists themselves were men who were irresistible in the magnetism of their presence, their knowledge of human nature, and their love and sympathy for the common people. They had the same appeal as a novel of Dickens—the command of humor and pathos, and power to strike the underlying chords of life. As Henry Drummond once said of Moody: "He is the biggest human I ever met."

No such commanding and all-conquering personalities are at the helm of this movement as used to steer through tempestuous nights in the times of Moody and Spurgeon and Finney. But the program is more definite, more scientific. More men are on the team, the special needs of the town are better met. For one great spirit on fire it substitutes many excellent practical men doing a useful piece of work. It is less of a bonfire, but it supplies a permanent dynamo.

Its organization is a pliable and very skillful affair. It is backed by a "Com-

mittee of 97," who are largely prominent business men and executives scattered throughout the nation. The chairman of that committee is James G. Cannon, president of the Fourth National Bank of New York. Of the \$100,000 of money subscribed by 30,000 persons to finance the movement, \$5,000 was given by J. Pierpont Morgan and about \$40,000 by the "97."

The campaign manager in Detroit—a man who gave up a \$4,000 job as field manager of a mercantile concern—said of the revival:

"Capitalized by the money and brains of the biggest business men of the country, the movement is going after souls in just the same way that the Standard Oil Company goes after business."

Sunday, April 28, 1912, will be Conservation Day at the continental headquarters in New York. New England has planned a yearly congress to sum up results, and it is hoped that the Mississippi Valley and the Far West will each hold a congress.

The organizations participating are: the Baptist Brotherhood, the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, the Brotherhood of Disciples of Christ, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Congregational Brotherhood of America, the Gideons (Commercial Travelers), the International Sunday School Association, the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, the Lutheran Brotherhood, the Methodist Brotherhood, the Otterbein Brotherhood (United Brethren Church), the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America, the United Presbyterian Brotherhood.

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The Breed

(Continued from page 17)

bed under the eaves of the farmhouse. "Oh, God, give me just one chance to kill that ol' he-bar Fuller, jest one chance, that's all I ask."

Then, as he lay there, his brain cleared and a plan began to form. He packed all his belongings and quietly left the farmhouse. For a long time he stood in the road looking back at the great blue hills bathed in the silvery moonlight, then he turned and started northward once again. "I'll come back when I'm a man, an' then I reckon I'll finish up pap's work whar he left off."

All night he walked, and not until the sun washed the blue hills behind him in a golden bath did he reach a railroad station. With the largest part of his savings he bought a ticket for Louisville. It was his first ride on a railroad train.

Of his life in the inland city little need be chronicled. It is sufficient to say that his was a little harder than that of the average backwoods boy who goes to the city to earn a living, because he had no education and absolutely no training. He was like a creature of the wild, and he nearly starved to death before he secured his first position in a printing office.

His progress was slow, because he disliked the trade. He disliked the city, too, but he was forced to stay there because it was the only place where he could earn real money. From the print shop he drifted to the composing room of a newspaper, and finally after years of work he was acknowledged a printer, but a very poor one.

Not once in all these years did he forget about the feud in the mountains. He saved his money and lived, not in the present, but always in the future. He lived for the time that he would be ready to go back to the blue hills and avenge the death of his father. One day in a store in Louisville he saw the advertisement of a new rifle. It was a repeater and the first of its kind to be invented. The man (he was twenty) from the mountains examined it. It was a revelation to him, for the only gun that he understood was the slow-firing, long-barreled squirrel gun of the mountaineers.

He bought one, and for years kept it in his room always well cleaned and oiled. It was his companion, and in it he confided his secret as he sat on the edge of the bed each night fondling and cleaning it.

One day the longed-for opportunity to return to the mountains came. From a friend he learned that the little paper that had been started before the war in the settlement at Cordole was to be sold. That same day he drew his savings from the city bank, resigned his position and with his cherished Winchester turned his face in the direction of his old home in the mountains.

ALL the years of waiting were forgotten by the man as he sat in the dusty little print shop and read the proof of the editorial. He realized that the opportunity that he had longed for had arrived. His dark eyes glowed with the desire for revenge, and as he sat there in front of his dilapidated little desk he looked like a mountain rattler about to strike.

The editorial acted like an explosion of dynamite in the little mountain town. The paper trebled its circulation for that one issue, and the wording of the strange epistle was on every tongue.

Wright had been seen on the streets of the little town several times since he had bought the paper, but no one had recognized him. His signature at the bottom of the editorial made it all evident, however, and the older natives of the mountains and the settlement recalled the bloody days of the Wright-Fuller feud with apprehensions.

Even though old Dan Fuller had never learned to read he was not long in ignorance of the editorial. Willing mountaineers read it to him over and over again, but they could not understand the strange effect that it seemed to have on the old man.

"So Jim Wright's boy hain't dead after all, an' he wants me to answer this here printin'. I guess I'll have t'"; that was all he said.

For three days the men in the mountains and the men in the settlement watched and waited. Then on the fourth day a yoke of patient, coal-black oxen, drawing a rattling, springless car, rumbled through Woodland Gap. The men in the settlement heard it as it rumbled across the crude bridge that spanned the turbulent Stone River, and they all looked significantly at the two dirty windows in the office of the "Cordole Call" that fronted on the main street at the far end of the

town. Then, as if they realized that discretion was the safest, they faded into houses and stores, and in the twinkling of an eye the street was deserted.

The slow-moving oxcart rumbled up in front of Winchell's Hotel, which contained the only barroom in the town. With great agility in spite of his seventy years Fuller swung down from his cart and stamped loudly on the hotel porch to get the cramps out of his legs.

HE was as erect as he ever was, but his white beard seemed a trifle longer and the mass of gray hair fell further down upon his shoulders. His keen eyes were as bright as they were in the days of the feud before the war.

A soft breeze that made the leaves tremble played through his beard and long hair. He glanced up and down the main street and slowly began to fill an old cob pipe from a greasy leather tobacco bag.

From the far end of the street came a metallic click. In the stillness it sounded ominous. The yoke of black oxen pointed their velvet-covered ears in the direction from which it came and looked inquiringly. Old Dan Fuller heard it, and he too turned his head to see. The men in the barroom heard it and held their breath. It was the snap of the old-fashioned lock on the street door of the "Call" office.

A tall figure, hatless, and in his shirt-sleeves, stepped out, and in one bound seemed to reach the center of the road. His Winchester leaped to his shoulder and the crash came. The men in the barroom saw old Fuller's beard stir as if a gust of wind had blown it. A half dozen white hairs floated to the porch steps, and at the same time there was a thump as the ball struck a post at the end of the hotel stoop.

Two other reports followed the first in quick succession, and then old Dan Fuller put the cob pipe in his mouth and deliberately struck a match with his left hand, while in his right he held the smoking army revolver. In front of the "Call" office a figure writhed in the dusty road and tried to reach the Winchester that had dropped out of reach when he fell.

Keeping him covered, Dan Fuller ran forward and the crowd from the barroom followed. The old mountaineer kicked the rifle well out of reach of the man in the road, and then returned his revolver under his open hickory shirt again.

Before the first of the men could reach him Fuller gathered the limp form in his arms and strode toward the little print shop. He kicked the door shut behind him and shot the bolt, locking out the crowd that had witnessed the duel in the street. The wooden stairs creaked under their combined weight as the man from the mountains carried his burden to the dusty office on the second floor.

From his pocket flask the old man poured corn whisky down the young man's throat until he opened his eyes. Then with the deliberation of a man who knew what he was about he set to work to stop the flow of blood from two wounds, one in the right shoulder and the other in the fleshy part of the right arm.

Wright leaned back in the little office chair and closed his eyes; then opening them, he glared at his enemy.

"Well, hain't yo' a-goin' t' finish me?" he demanded.

"Yo' shet up 'till I get this here blood stopped. Then maybe I'll talk."

For half an hour the old man worked over the wounded one who in the meantime had fainted again. More corn whisky restorative was brought into action, and again he opened his eyes. The old man sat on the table dangling his legs just off the floor.

"So yo' air Jim Wright's boy? They hain't no mistakin' hit though when yo' look plum at yo'. An' yo' reckoned t' come up hyeh an' put an' end to this hyeh feud, did yo'? Well, yo' pap an' me finished hit afore yo' was outen knee britches."

"'Cause yo' murdered him hit hain't no sayin' that th' feud is over," retorted the young man.

OLD DAN looked at him for a minute, and then looked out of the window as if in meditation.

"Yo' dady warn't murdered by me, son. Hit was the Yanks what did hit. Yo' dady and I met up in the same regiment after the sheriff chased us both outter this county. Hit looked at fust 's if hit was agoin' t' be some stormy with t' two on us there, but hit warn't."

"We-uns jest shook hands an' agreed t' call a truce fo' all t' time the war was on, an' I reckon we lived up t' hit all t' time till yo' dady died. Yes'n' we even got t' be tent mates t'gether, and fit by t'other's

No. 14 Jack Knife Safety Pen, Sterling Silver, price \$5.00. Same pattern, 18k gold, heavy plate, \$6.00.
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A CAPTAIN of Industry walked into a Chicago store.

"What makes fountain pens leak?" he said.

"I'll tell you," replied the dealer. "You set an ordinary fountain pen in your pocket point up. The ink stays in the feed tube—won't run down. The heat of your body makes the air in the pen expand and blow out through the inky feed tube, pushing the ink ahead of it, so that—"

"So that I get smeared, when I take off the cap," put in the Captain of Industry.

"Just so."

"Is there any fountain pen that won't leak?" asked the "Captain."

"There is," replied the dealer. "It's the Parker. When you set a Parker fountain pen in your pocket the ink doesn't stay in the feed tube, but drops back to the reservoir. The air heats, expands and blows out of the feed tube, but it can't blow ink, because no ink is there."

Then the dealer explained how capillary attraction draws the ink down through the Parker "Lucky Curve," as a blotter draws ink. He even showed him, by dropping ink into

the feed tube of a Parker pen, touching the "Lucky Curve" to the barrel wall and letting him see the ink scoot down.

"Don't you want one of these Parker Pens?" asked the dealer.

"I want 8,000," said the "Captain."

He meant it. He bought one pen of the dealer, tried it for a time, then sent for George S. Parker and contracted for 8,000 Parker Fountain Pens, to give to his employees for Christmas.

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The Breed

(Concluded from page 25)

side. We-uns got along tolerably well considerin'.

"Fo' two years we-uns popped around arter them Yanks, an' then one day we-all got ketched in the woods. Hit was yo' dady an' me an' a dozen other fellers from the mountains. I tell yo' we made things hum fo' them there Yanks fo' some time, but they was too many and we-uns got took prisoners, yo' pap an' me an' the rest what warn't kilt.

"Yo' dady got hit with one of them Yank's bullets right in t' jaw, an' I couldn't seem t' get hit out. Neither could t' doctors. I washed t' hole in his face out every mornin' when we was in prison, but somehow hit wouldn't git well. One day yo' dady got blood poison in hit an' I knew 'twas nigh t' end on him.

"We-uns had a long talk that day, an'—well, anyway hit was decided that t' feud warn't woth a botherin' with eny mo'. T' next day, son, I had t' bury yo' dady; I dug t' hole myself."

The old man paused and stroked his snow-white beard as he looked through the dusty windows. The young man's head fell forward on his chest. They sat there silently while the sun crept down behind the mountains and the shadows lengthened into night. Then, as silently as a panther, the mountaineer slipped from his seat on the table, paused a moment to listen to the regular breathing of the young man, which told him that he slept; and half an hour later the yoke of black oxen

were patiently hauling the grumbling cart through Woodland Gap.

THE bright morning sun flooded the dusty printing office. It revealed the young man standing before the type case. He was composing as he set the type, and his hand traveled slowly from case to stick. He was setting with his left hand, his right was in a sling about his neck, and his shirt was bunched about his shoulders, showing the outlines of the bulky bandages.

And as his hand traveled across the cases the following paragraphs grew in the gallery on the table by his side:

A RETRACTION

We wish to retract statements made in the editorial columns of the "Call" last week depreciating the character of old Dan Fuller. There never was a greater gentleman in Horse Mountains than Mr. Fuller. We feel under obligations to him for many deeds of kindness, and hereby offer our sincerest apologies.

And we also wish to state that there is no disgrace in a man getting tight once in a while, and especially old Dan Fuller, because he drinks the very best whisky in the mountains. We know, because we had some.

JAMES T. WRIGHT, JR.

This time the black eyes danced and the sharp-featured face was wreathed in a smile as the young man read the gallery proof.

The Night Before Christmas

(Concluded from page 13)

tomed to the pleasure of having the windows go up and of hearing the applause. That there might be no misunderstanding concerning the auspices under which the project was being carried out, Mrs. Truro, though neither a singer nor a pedestrian, accompanied the choristers in her limousine and urged them on—beseeching them frequently from her cushiony and illuminated environment to sing in front of some house toward the occupants of which she felt especially well disposed. Wilkinson had been obliged to overrule her insistent demands and remind her that at such a rate of progress they would never get the Back Bay properly covered.

IT was growing late; it was nearly time to disband the singers. They were approaching the block on the avenue where Helen Joyce lived; and on a sudden impulse Wilkinson resolved to halt before her house, whether it was lighted up or not, and deliver the last carol there.

Wilkinson, having got them started, beat time silently, and watched the house. The curtains were drawn, but light showed behind them; and before the first stanza was finished, up went the shades in the bay windows, up went one of the windows, and Helen Joyce stood there.

And, to his own amazement, the sudden appearance of her in that window caused Wilkinson's heart to throb, to thrill, to feel emotion such as had not been inspired in it since the youthful days of Barbara Thorpe—now pouring her sweet soprano over his shoulder—such as had never before been inspired in it by Helen Joyce. And instantly there swept over him a secondary exultation in the consciousness that he had for this moment at least been able to grasp back and seize his youth. This moment! Why not always? He looked into Helen's face and lifted up his voice:

For Christ is born of Mary;

And gathered all above,

While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

His voice swept over all the other voices, his figure rose above all the other figures, and while he beat time with uplifted arms a fervor of excitement and enthusiasm seemed shining on his face. He awakened a new spirit in the tired choristers; they sang the carol with a clearer tone and a greater earnestness; Bob Dysart and Madeleine Merritt, who side by side had been smiling into each other's eyes, became unconsciously more attentive to the song, and their hands, clasped covertly, ceased telegraphing the lighter and more frivolous messages of their affection.

But Wilkinson was unaware of any alteration in the spirit or performance of those about him; he was singing now for himself and for Helen.

A slender, virginal creature in her pink evening gown, she stood smiling a little, her head turned slightly in the attitude of an attentive listener, one hand behind her, the other holding the scarf across her breast; back of her the brightly lighted room, with its heavy glass chandelier and gilded ceiling. Wilkinson felt an unprece-

dented desire to arouse in her an emotion such as had shone from her dark eyes many years before. He threw appeal into his voice; it was not religious appeal that he felt, but it animated effectively the hymn.

As soon as the Amen had faded on the still air, Wilkinson said: "That's our last; good night and merry Christmas, everybody," and ran quickly up the Joyce's steps.

It was Helen herself who opened the door. "Come in," she said; she showed no surprise. "It was good of you to sing in front of my house. I hoped you would; in fact, I was sitting up on the chance of hearing the carols."

He took her hand.

"Helen," he said, "as I stood out there singing and saw you in the window, it seemed to me that you were the sweetest, dearest, loveliest woman in all the world. Somehow, in the old days I knew you were that, and yet I never had the emotion that you've given me to-night. I was a fool, Helen, not to love you years ago; can I make you believe me now?"

She hesitated; her lips quivered, but were silent. She drew away the hand that he had taken and raised it uncertainly to her throat.

"Robert," she said, and then she caught her breath and sank into the chair by which she had been standing. "I—let me talk with you, Robert—let me think—truly, I don't know yet what to think—or to say."

She looked at him with a wistful smile. "Oh, I can make you sure—" he began, bending over her eagerly, but she checked him with a little gesture.

"No, I must first make you sure," she said softly. "You have seen me so little of late, Robert; perhaps to-night you're thinking of me as I used to be—when I did care for you, very much."

"You don't care—any more?" His face sharpened with anxiety and dread.

"I used to thrill to the sound of your voice, the sight of your face—and then feel frightened and ashamed to think that you had guessed it. For a long time I hoped that each day would make me the happiest girl in the world."

"Ah, don't!" he pleaded. "I was a cad—and I've hated myself because of it."

"Want to start afresh, Helen. I never felt young love run through me so vividly to-night when you stood in the window."

HER eyes filled as she looked up at him. "Robert," she said, "is that true?"

"It's the dearest truth I know." She could not doubt the emotion in his voice, the love in his glance. Color flooded her face, tenderness trembled on her lips, a dewy, youthful sparkle came into her eyes, and she exclaimed in a low voice:

"When you say such a thing as that I feel that I can be young again too. I haven't changed, Robert—except outwardly. You're sure you don't mind that?"

"Mind it!" he said. "Good heavens!" He bent to her with a smile and with eyes obscured by tears.

The tall clock in the corner of the hall began striking twelve.

"FROM GUESS WORK TO GUARANTEE"

How the old-fashioned pattern your Grandmother used has been evolved into a scientifically accurate instrument for home dressmakers

By KENNETH MACKARNES GOODE

In the year 1863—a half century ago—a New England tailor decided to trim down a pair of his old breeches to fit his little son.

His Yankee ingenuity hit upon a device that enabled him to cut the little breeches both sides alike and have the pieces fit together for sewing.

This device was the first paper pattern.

And upon its success Ebenezer Butterick laid the foundation of the wonderful business that has since immortalized his name. It was, of course, only a step to women's garments; the making of dress patterns for the whole countryside followed naturally.

Many a dear old lady can remember the old pattern days. How she used to pay 30 and 40 cents for a bundle of tissue paper, fastened together with a couple of pins, with a slip of brown paper gummed on the front. And she remembers, too, those "fashion sheets" that used to come home in the bundles from the stores; pink as circus lemonade, full of crude woodcuts, stiff as the wife of the original wooden Indian!

Competition gradually changed all this. Every magazine nowadays is offering its own particular brand of patterns; and rivalry for trade has revolutionized completely the physical appearance of the pattern and its advertising.

Yet, strange as it may seem, while everything about it was being changed to conform to modern standards, the pattern itself was never disturbed. The method invented by the man who cut the first crude pattern for a small boy's pants in 1863 was in 1903 being used on the latest style of women's ball gowns! Years of experience had, of course, suggested improvements; but the underlying principle of the "graded" pattern had undergone no substantial change in the forty-eight years.

So in 1904, when Theron McCampbell received from the Curtis Publishing Company his commission to put on the market a new "Ladies' Home Journal Pattern," he was astonished to find every manufacturer of paper dress patterns still working after the old-fashioned grading method of the days of the Civil War.

Into an entirely different line, therefore, he had to look for some progressive idea upon which to construct a new pattern. With the beginning of the twentieth century, it so happened, had come the era of ready-made clothes. Hundreds of millions of dollars were invested by these clothing manufacturers, and at their behest some of the very best mechanical thought of the time was trying to improve on the old rule-of-thumb method of cutting patterns.

Foremost among those seeking scientific principles was Mr. E. L. Phelps, a mathematician and skilled engineer. Phelps' theory was an astonishingly simple one when you come to think of it: He maintained that a 42-inch shirtwaist pattern, for instance, should be drafted from the best obtainable measurements of women who actually measure 42 inches around the bust, and not simply enlarged from the measurements of a woman of smaller size.

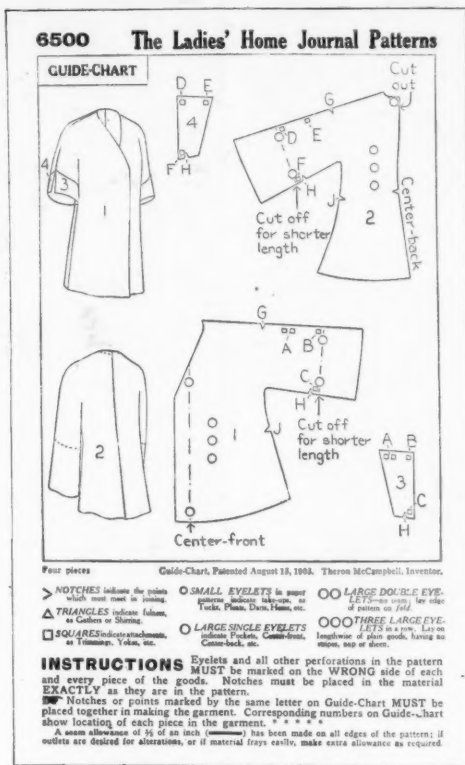
To understand the difference, let us run back again just a moment to the beginnings of pattern making. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that having satisfactorily completed the pattern for his little son's breeches, Mr. Butterick had been inspired to make a pattern for his own new ones. Suppose, too, he had taken his own waist measurement, compared it with his son's, and increasing proportionately in all directions the dimensions of his son's pattern, "graded" a duplicate pattern big enough for himself. As gentlemen's breeches went in those days, the result would, no doubt, have been a work of art.

So with the first patterns for women. Having worked out one model for each new pattern, the big sizes were achieved by making it bigger all around, and the small sizes simply by trimming it down. A dress for a sixteen-year-old girl, on one hand, and a buxom matron, on the other, graded in this way up and down from the same original pattern must, in the beginning, have been a trifle weird. As the experience of the pattern graders increased, however, they learned to make very accurate allowances for all variations of this sort, so that today the old method is turning out millions of patterns satisfactory to a vast number of women.

Phelps, however, was a born dissenter. He set about collecting the actual measurements of thousands of real women. Sorted and tabulated, these seemed abundantly to prove his contention that—to take a most extreme case—all the measurements for a 48-inch shirtwaist are not anywhere near exactly twice as large as those for a 24-inch shirtwaist.

At the same time his investigations furnished invaluable tables of composite measurements, through which a 42-inch woman is now enabled to get a Ladies' Home Journal Pattern cut for the average real woman of her own size; and a 28-inch girl is no longer compelled to fit herself with a pattern marked down from a "perfect 36."

After developing his new method of DRAFTED patterns, Mr. Phelps gave it so thorough a tryout—testing it under every possible condition in factories, tailor shops, and dressmaking establishments—that Mr. McCampbell gave up his options on several high-priced "graders" from old establishments and jumped at the opportunity to secure the sole use of the new drafting process for his new patterns. So it happened that "Ladies' Home Journal Patterns" came to be made according to a principle worked out just a half century later than that now used by any other pattern manufacturer.



Back of a Ladies' Home Journal Pattern, showing the Patent Guide-Chart.

Then came another great step—an invention of Mr. McCampbell's that taught a million women to use patterns.

In the good old days a woman often spent a whole afternoon trying to figure out how her pattern went together. For the experienced dressmaker it was a Chinese puzzle; for the novice it was a game of chance. Naturally, this didn't help much toward making patterns popular, for no matter how accurate a pattern itself may be, it is, I believe, worse than useless if it does not go together easily and accurately.

True, even the earliest patterns devoted their whole front to acres of tiny type telling how to put the various pieces together. But to attempt to follow these directions was like trying to learn to swim by mail. The result was, the women who naturally knew how to make the pieces go together just knew, and those that didn't, just didn't.

McCampbell worked out a new scheme—just as revolutionary as Phelps' drafted pattern plan and just as simple: he called it a "Guide-Chart," and on August 15th, 1905, had it patented on four distinct points.

This Guide-Chart was simply a picture. Printed on every Ladies' Home Journal Pattern envelope, it shows—so that even a man can recognize it—every piece in that envelope, just where each piece fits into the completed garment, and, better yet, exactly how each piece fits every other piece. It looks so simple that I am almost inclined to believe Mr. McCampbell when he says that with the Guide-Chart a twelve-year-old girl can make her own dresses easier than not.

Here is what Phelps says about it:

"McCampbell's Guide-Chart is to the maker of a garment what a guide post is to a traveller. Trying to follow a long printed description of a road, the traveller gets lost; with a guide post at every corner he cannot miss the way. With a long printed description to follow the maker of the garment, too, gets bewildered and lost; by the way side; but with the Guide-Chart acting as a guide post at every point, it is impossible to go wrong. If one places together the points marked 'A' on the different pieces, then the points marked 'B,' then 'C' and so on, until the garment is completed, one simply can't help being right."

Whether or not Phelps and McCampbell have good grounds for their mutual admiration, whether Ladies' Home Journal Patterns actually do "go together like clockwork," as their admirers claim, some one more competent than I shall decide.

But one thing I do know is that the John Wanamaker establishment and then the Marshall Field Company gave the new pattern the most severe test they could devise—and promptly put it in the place of the old-fashioned kind they had been handling for many years. Many of the greatest stores throughout the United States have already followed their lead, and the Ladies' Home Journal Patterns in six years have taken a place abreast of those that had a start of forty years. So there must be something in the new pattern.

However, that is not what I want to speak of here. Rather would I tell you of Mr. McCampbell's latest feat—a thing that has, I am told, set the oldtime pattern men guessing even faster than usual.

For a long time he had been watching his weekly record of "Complaints"—letters from women or merchants having any criticisms as to the fit of a garment or the least difficulty in putting a pattern together. Little by little, as women have learned to measure themselves correctly (over the fullest part of the bust) and to order big enough patterns, complaints have dwindled until— Well, what do you think is the rate of complaint now?

You could never guess! For every MILLION Ladies' Home Journal patterns bought and used the Home Pattern Company receives only 108 complaints. One fault for every ten thousand patterns used, and that oftentimes the fault of the user!

Believing this as near perfection as any mortal manufacturer gets in this world, McCampbell has ordered printed on every Ladies' Home Journal Pattern envelope, beginning with those now being shipped out, this little paragraph:—


GUARANTEE—This pattern made and tested by the most skillful designers and draftsmen. It is guaranteed perfect. If it does not give absolute satisfaction, notify me and I will see that you are satisfied. (In writing, give the size and number.) Special instructions on making or fitting furnished gladly at any time. Write us about your dressing problems. Expert advice free. 615 West 43rd St., N. Y. THERON McCAMPBELL, President.

Think of it! "Absolute satisfaction" from a fifteen-cent tissue-paper dress pattern! How the world moves! Only a few years ago a woman considered herself lucky if she could get a dress pattern that would fit her at all; now she is not only guaranteed a fit, but has the privilege of free instruction on the easiest way to avoid any difficulty she may encounter. She needn't go back and fuss with the girl at the store that sold her the pattern, or worry the merchant who was the innocent cause of her undoing. All she has to do is to accept Mr. McCampbell's invitation, take her pen in hand, and let his experts fix her up to her entire satisfaction. If Mr. McCampbell can afford to do this, surely there MUST be something in the new pattern!

NOTE BY THE HOME PATTERN COMPANY—Ladies' Home Journal Patterns made by the new drafted (not graded) process and guaranteed as described by Mr. Goode are on sale at John Wanamaker's (New York and Philadelphia), Marshall Field's and the leading stores in most cities of the United States and Canada. If you don't know the easiest place in your town to find them, just send a postal card to The Home Pattern Company, 615 West 43rd Street, New York, and we will send you a dealer's name by return mail.

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"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



In the convenient, sanitary, hinged-covered nickeled box.

Every man wants it. You want it because no other affords the same peculiar, creamlike, soothing, enduring lather that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soap for three-fourths of a century.

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Williams' Quick and Easy Shaving Powder, in the convenient, hinged-top box, affords the same rich, creamy, abundant lather that distinguishes Williams' Shaving Stick.

A sample package of either Williams' Shaving Stick or Shaving Powder mailed on receipt of 4c. in stamps. Address

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